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MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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CHAPTER I.

DOWN at my feet she is sitting, this pale, sweet woman, clad in the suggestive black crape. The dark folds lie softly against the slender throat in a caressing manner, and they remind me, as I look at her, of a pair of dimpled, baby arms, that never more will cling to the proud neck.

Oh! yes: and more than that memory is hidden within the folds of that black gown. There is a triple story of bereavement and of anguish of soul keener than that felt for the dead, but, as yet, I do not know it quite all.

She is a mystery to me, and I fail to comprehend her many times, although I know her history to be crowded with incidents sad and tragical.

The afternoon sun comes through the lattice in bright golden bars, and falls lovingly on her dark hair, revealing to me that it is not really black, as I had thought, but of a deep brown color, but she is not conscious of the sunshine.

The scent of the fragrant roses comes up from the little garden below, with the breath of carnations and violets growing plentiful there, but her soul is shut against all that is beautiful in nature to-day.

She is so strange and lives within herself, in such an atmosphere of deep sorrow, that I have never been able to penetrate it and understand the heart throbbing out its existence to the music of its dirges.

I would love to talk freely to her this afternoon, but am at a loss to know how to begin. I am, at best, a poor comforter: my heart is sympathetic enough, but its emotions fail me in words. In this, as in many other things, I am very unfortunate, and the good that I would do is never realized. But finally I venture: "Miriam, would you enjoy a drive on the beach, or shall it be a stroll in the woods to fill up this remaining piece of a day?"

Out there beyond the trees, and swelling shoreward, lie the blue waters of the bay, and beyond looms the broad Atlantic. There is a lovely drive along the sands, and the weather is glorious, and this is why I offer myself and pony phaeton to her, as accessories of a pleasant afternoon by the sea. But I have missed it again, and my suggestion grates on her optional pleasure.

Slowly the great dark eyes are lifted to mine in sorrowful negative, and I know I have swept an irresponsive chord.

I am answered further by a doleful shake of the head; but she essays no word. Small need; I understand her.

She crouches a letter in her hand savagely—a letter addressed to me, yet more hers than mine—as if to remind me that its contents are all she has room for in her thoughts, and that a drive on the sunny sands would only mock the shores of nothing to which her soul drifts this afternoon.

Then she gets up as if I have annoyed or disturbed her by my question, when I presume I have, and goes down the walk to the little wicket opening out to the clustering trees in front of my cottage. The great white lilies that droop either side the way are hardly paler than she, or more innocent.

The wind coming up freshly from the water catches at her gown, and tosses her long loose curls until she shivers. Perhaps it whispers to her of her far away desolate English home which stretches out its arms, figuratively, and begs for her presence; entreats the proud, beautiful face to shine once more within its great manorial halls. If that is what the winds and waves are saying, their petition is met, doubtless, with a cruel rebuff.

Presently she comes back to me, but, instead of sitting down on the ottoman at my feet, as I half expected her to do, she drops the letter into my lap, kisses me hungrily, whispers brokenly: "I can never do it never!" and goes up-stairs. I make no answer; there are no words left me adequate, neither does she look for a reply.

I take up the letter, and although I know it by heart I must needs read it over it again. It has come all the way from Hastings, that beautiful city by the sea, in merrie old England, and is a call from desolated Heatherleigh Manor. "Do I know aught of Miriam Percival Fairfax? If so, tidings of her will be thankfully received. The grand old hall is waiting at her disposal, as the death of Sir Rupert Percival and his written request leaves her the sole legatee." I am not allowed to answer the letter; Miriam will not have it so, and Heatherleigh is nothing to me. Of course I have told her she had better go, but with a look of horror in those haunting eyes of hers, she has refused emphatically, as whispering with white lips she tells me that she "hates her ancestral halls," and "that I have no idea what I ask of her."

Perhaps I don't, and the deep aversion rankling in her soul toward her birthplace comes hissing through the white teeth, and effectually silences me in protesting further.

She came to me two years ago, sad and sorrowing, from the newly-made graves of husband and child. "Remember," she said to me once, "that my husband and son sleep where the shadows of Heatherleigh fall not on them. My poor, brave Arthur could not rest well if they did, and my little one has forgotten, on his dreamless pillow, the curse that turned him away from its maledictive doors."

I have not questioned her, regarding her sorrows and grievances as too sacredly her own for my intrusive inquiries, and she has only revealed that which she chooses to tell.

But she is the daughter of my dead friend, and therefore I open my arms, and receive the desolate, heart-broken woman into my home and heart. I flatter myself, too, that her sorrows have been somewhat mitigated through my efforts. She is cheerful, even, sometimes as we stroll in the fields, or wander off among the ragged hills where the wild heatherbell and barberry grow.

One time in particular I remember, as I sit holding the crumpled letter, a scene that with her face comes back to me, as beautiful dreams come sometimes across our days of care.

We had wandered up the hills, and were sitting at the foot of a tree, resting. Our baskets beside us were filled with the red fruit of the barberry, and wreathed with ferns and gayly colored leaves. In the distance shone the blue waters of the bay, and above us beamed the cloudless sky, while the breeze dallied here and there, hinting of a sterner season.

Miriam leaned her sunny head against the mossy trunk, and sat looking far off over the shimmering waters in the quiet distance, and a look of almost happiness came into the perfect face. I sat watching her, wrapt in admiration, and hoping that the dawning of brighter hours had come.

She turned to me with animation, saying: "This is pleasant; so pleasant and peaceful!" and I was glad to answer: "Yes."

That was last year, and since then the fluctuating tides of peace and disquietude have run so often into a sea of counter currents, ebbing and flowing over that first great hope, that I am not certain of anything permanent.

I hesitated a great deal before giving her the missive, thinking that perhaps it might not be conducive of any good, but after all I have done so, and regretted it immediately afterward. I fold up the letter now, wishing something had happened to it before it reached its destination, or that I had had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the grate, as I might have done, seeing it was addressed to me.

While I am indulging thus in self-condemnation she comes down stairs, calm enough outwardly, the glossy hair freshly brushed, and I doubt not the tear-stains bathed carefully off the placid face, so as not to grieve me. She comes forward and takes my hands in her two hot ones, looks pleadingly into my face, and makes a strange request, a request that sends the blood surging back to my heart, leaving my cheeks blanched. I am aware, for she pauses, looks troubled and doubtive, and hesitates. But finally she has finished, and I have promised to grant her desire, although in ten minutes after she has kissed me thankfully and settled down on the shadow-flecked steps with a great sigh of relief I regret having done so.

She knows it is my intent to visit a relative living in the suburbs of Hastings, shortly, and she has asked me "while there, take a little run over beyond Fairlight, and —visit Heatherleigh." But that isn't the strange part of her request, though it is all surprising. She looked me calmly in the eyes and asked me to "bring her portrait away from the fated gallery with me." How on earth am I to accomplish this?

At first it seems easy enough to me, but on reflection the undertaking grows stupendous, and borders on the impossible. I sit very still, revolving the request in my mind, and every moment its magnitude is intensified. But I made no stir, and she sits with clasped hands, gazing out at the water, fully confident that I will be able to fulfill my promise, and I haven't the courage to undeceive her.

So we sit out the piece of a day talking some but thinking more until the sun goes down behind the hills, and the shadows grow longer and denser over the carnations and roses, and reach out darkly for the gleaming satin of the lilies which they envelop later.

Maggie, my little maid of all work, rings the tea-bell merrily, then peeps through the blinds to see where we are. Having seen us, her bright eyes disappear, and I know she has flown to her kingdom to keep "the tay pot hot" until we put in an appearance, which we do shortly.

Miriam—I always say simply Miriam—looks satisfied once more. I divine the reason; she has settled the letter question positively in the negative, or rather I have determined it for her by my rash promise.

But how I am to board "the Douglas in his hall" is more than I know, and obtain the elegant portrait of the daughter of the house, because I am not to reveal her whereabouts—is her request.

Miriam thinks, however, that I am the one all-powerful equation of her life, and sits over there sipping her tea in full confidence, while I choke down my dessert, measure my powers with a broken reed and transform my cigits to cipners.

The day of my departure arrives. Over against its fair, promising skies falls a shadow. I dread to leave Miriam. I would so love to take her with me, but the laws of the Medes and Persians are not more irrevocable than Miriam's nay. She is to stay here in the cottage at Bayview, and see after my affairs, while I am to go and enjoy myself. As if I could enjoy my visit with that gigantic undertaking supplemented on like a thing of evil.

If Heatherleigh was still in its halcyon days, as when I once visited within its doors, how differently I should feel about this matter; but I understand evil influences lurk in its long, dark halls, and march through its desolate corridor since Sir Rupert's demise.

This is one reason why my little tour comes to me in the prospective, like a nightmare, and I feel a terror of it all creeping into my bravest moments.

These reports coming to me by letter occasionally I have never revealed to Miriam, which now is one thing I am thankful for, as I have not frightened her by any thing said to me and kept her away thereby.

I am positive, too, that she knows nothing of these things, as she gets no news from merrie old England. This, to me, is one cry for relief.

But I am ready, so is my luggage, and I must bid good-bye to Bayview and Miriam. She clings to me, pale and sorrowful, but there is a wild, eager questioning in her eyes as she lays her tear-wet cheek against mine. Instinctively, I know she is thinking of my promise, and I say, impulsively: "I will bring your portrait, dear." I don't add "if I can," which, perhaps, I ought to do, but leave the declarative promise in

SO PLEASANT AND PEACEFUL.

tact, trusting Heaven for the fulfillment. She flings her arms around my neck at this, and sobs out her gratitude, releases me, and I am gone.

The friends with whom I intended to sail meet me at the pier, and all is well so far. There is an eager tread of passengers, a business air in the movements of the crew, a rattling of chains, a settling here and there, and the good ship Lady Clare weighs anchor and we are on our voyage.

The starting gives me a feeling of courage that I never dreamed of, and I sacutly resolve that, come what may, Heatherleigh's mysteries will not intimidate me. No; I will walk undaunted in its uncanny shadows, and hold converse, if necessary, with its spiritual occupants. And, more than all else, I should doubtless find some who would and could be only too glad to give me the history of the hall and recount to me in detail the sad, tragic story of Miriam.

To be sure, I have already an abbreviated account, a synopsis of the leading events of both, through Miriam and others, but this, my intended visit, should round up the whole.

This is why, I tell myself, I have undertaken this journey, although the sunny face of my cousin Gladys, in her far-away English home, pops up to mental vision, and claims its share in the visit to be.

Ah! yes, dainty little Cousin Gladys, whose fair blue eyes first saw the day in the dreamy light of the poetical Cotswold hills in the very heart of merrie old England, and who fought my "going to Hamerica" to live, was expecting me.

She was to-day, doubtless, sitting in her vine-covered porch overlooking suburban Hastings, and gazing seaward, wondering the while when "'Attie, who lived in Hamerica, would harrive." With this thought I gather myself together and seek my cabin.

CHAPTER II.

I am in the suburbs of Hastings, where the delicious and invigorating sea breezes wander over the hills and whisper down the green lanes.

Cousin Gladys' little cottage is a veritable paradise to my quiet-loving soul. Perched away up here on a height and nestling in its wealth of blossoming creepers, it seems a very sweet haven of all I desire. In the distance I can get a glimpse of the sea, and West Cliff and a bird's-eye view of High Wickham, but it is the picturesque beauty and blessed content of the bright fields and green hedgerows that please me most.

Above the distant downs a few fleecy clouds hover, then drift lazily out over the sea and fade into the infinitesimal. I sit down on the porch, over which the ivy runs

COUSIN GLADYS JOINS ME FOR A CHAT.

in profusion, with a sigh of satisfaction, and presently cousin Gladys joins me for a chat.

We talk of many things, over which falls the glamour of Auld Lang Syne, and by the time she excuses herself to see after the late dinner, I have had a goodly number of pleasant, and not a few unpleasant, reminiscences of suburban Hastings.

My friends of the voyage are staying with relatives near Eccleshourne, and are pleased to notify me by post that they are going farther into the country, and desire my company.

This I can not do, as I am "bound for the hall," in the language, but not the spirit, of Tennyson. While thinking of my friends, however, I laugh a little, but end with a sigh, as bright Miss Stanley comes to view. I presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "addicted to the bowl." Luckily, I am not a victim of sea-sickness, and while Miss Stanley lay prone in her state-room, I was on deck enjoying the fine weather which we were fortunate enough to have nearly all the way over.

My cousin keeps her open carriage and drives a great deal, and as driving happens to be my penchant also, a goodly share of our visiting is done on wheels. We drove down to the beach several times and whiled away the hours of the long, dreamy afternoons amid the sea breezes and sunbeams. The ships, "white-winged and free;" the cliffs, seamed and scarred, and above them the Downs, never grow old or common-place.

But Heatherleigh! The very name makes me forget the rose-hue for the rue and the shadows, and my superabundance of courage coming as if by inspiration on board the Lady Clare, I find has diminished considerably.

Nevertheless, I vow to the trellised vines at my elbow that I am not afraid of any thing in all England, which wild affirmation. I am persuaded, sounds more like bragadocio than bravery.

There are several fine old places between Hastings proper and the country side thanked Heatherleigh Chace. Some of these stately residences have quite imposing facades, and others, high ivy-wreathed gables, while a number, in their elegance, put you in mind of the days of King Arthur.

But there are bits of sorrowful tradition and legendary lore connected with an occasional grand old structure calculated to make one stand in awe of their environs. Strange fatality marks many an old hall, and Heatherleigh, as I hear, boasts of one of the most tragical.

In the giralsome days when she and I were young, I knew the fair bride of the Percival house. She was a high-born English girl, whose sweet eyes first saw the light in a beautiful villa near Birmingham. I can imagine her fine face radiant with happy existence as the welcome of Heatherleigh's grand old doors floated around her. Ah! yes; I can see her, vivacious, regal and glad.

After she became Lady Percival our paths diverged, of course, but I often wonder to myself why her refined soul went out to me so unreservedly in those days, when I was but a cottager's daughter. "Affinity of soul," Gladys says. Perhaps she is right, for it is said that sublime relationship recognizes no barrier of circumstance.

Lady Percival was supremely happy during my visit at the hall, at least, but then it was the first year of her married life, and every one is supposed to find the matrimonial alliance pleasant enough for that length of time. But I never had the pleasure of seeing my friend after I parted from her at the end of the long avenue of elms, where she put her jeweled arms about my neck and bade me "come again."

It was this side of that affectionate leave-taking that all the beauty and sweetness faded from Lady Percival's life and the curses fell. I shudder involuntarily as I call to mind the story of the estrangement, broken hearts, crape, tears and malediction.

There comes a sense of suffocation and dimness of vision as I go back across the intervening years, calling up the memories binding me to the dead.

Lady Percival has been dead several years, and the proud Miriam was orphaned a decade later by the decease of the austere father, and last male descendant of the Percival house. After his tragical end the spiritual manifestations began, which have been a source of mysterious speculation ever since to those acquainted with the detailed disclosures.

To-morrow I shall set out for the Hall, which I only remember for its elegance as a fit setting for the almost divine beauty of my dear dead friend, as I call her to mind. Yes, I shall know for myself if these uncanny tales be true. One bright gleam of hope in regard to my visit of commission is that the old housekeeper, Peggy Clarkson and her husband, are yet occupying the servants' quarters at the Hall. I remember her odd but honest visage, and if she remembers me as kindly as I do her, I shall be well taken care of, at any rate. She was once very fond of me as "me Leddy's guest," and I am in hope concerning Miriam's portrait.

Poor Miriam, in the far-away cottage at Bayview! I fancy she is promenading sorrowfully and alone, among the late lilies, and thinking—of me.

I am back again in Cousin Glady's bright little cottage home. I have been several miles into the country since I sat in this vine-covered porch and listened to the recital of country-side episodes. And I have met with such strange experiences, and listened to such a blood-curdling story, that I am half persuaded I have lost my identity. Some way I feel like crying out with the old dame who took a nap in the King's highway: "Lauk a mercy, 'tis none of I."

We do sometimes have adventures that leave us in doubt as to our individuality, and to say that I am just waking up from the nightmare of the Heatherleigh visit would be, perhaps, the correct statement to make.

Yes, I have been there; the fine portrait of Miriam hanging in the little drawing-room yonder, and which Gladys admires very much, is a silent but magnificent sponsor, not to be gainsayed by any means.

And now, as my domestic cousin is elbow-deep in the brewing business this fine morning, let me sit here, where the roses have all fallen off and been swept away by the autumn winds, and tell you the story of Heatherleigh. I will, however, preface the story proper by a description of my visit and the appearance of the Hall as it now stands, knowing, as I do, that my friend's tradition, history and experiences would be unsatisfactorily given without it.

It is fitting that the roses have fallen, and that the scurrying breeze tosses the dry alder-leaves into my lap. It all murmurs with the tone of the legend, voicing a volume of bitterness. And the old housekeeper told me, too, that was why my sorrowing friend over the sea was called Miriam. Because her lot was one of destined woe the christening was Miriam—bitterness. I confess that such things rising before us bring the question of Hamlet out in vivid coloring, as we watch the merciless wheel of fortune crush out the beauty and joy of life for some, when the fault lies generations back.

CHAPTER III.

The tall black chimneys stood out against the gray October sky like ghostly silhouettes, and the evening breeze swept around the lonely old structure when I arrived at the Hall. The heavy shadows were trailing over the neglected grounds and settling themselves in scores of uncanny nooks, and I shivered with a nervous dread as I put my hand on the great brass knocker of the western wing—the servants' quarters—and waited for admittance.

Heatherleigh Hall stands desolated. The building itself, a stupendous, roomy affair of red brick, with great festoons of the native English ivy wreathing the dark gables, and running over a goodly portion of the front, relieving the frowning severity of the weather-beaten and time-worn colonnade.

Three great yew trees, black as the shades of death, hover over the extreme western wing, and I imagined the evils of the Hall concentrated their forces in the heavy branches in the nours of sunshine, and stalked forth from their gloomy tops at night on their mission of terror.

The hallways are wide, deep and dark, and the ponderous doors of heavy oak clanged ominously after me as I slipped from one apartment to another in awe of the mystery.

Yes; I found there was a cruel legend connected with this once grand old place, which, for two centuries or more, sheltered beneath its ample roof-tree the descendants of the proud, hot-headed Percival house. But, under the influence of an ancestral malediction, they had dwindled down and scattered abroad, leaving the old Hall with but few lunates, finally Sir Rupert and his daughter being the last legitimate occupants.

Sir Rupert, after the death of his wife, lived here alone in the great house with his ill-fated daughter, keeping but a few servants out of the grand retinue of former years.

The fewer there were about him the better Sir Rupert was satisfied. As to being happy, or even half-way joyous, he was

HEATHERLEIGH HALL.

never after that stroke of sorrowful fortune known to be; for all pleasure went out into a blank solitude with the flight of Lady Percival's gentle spirit.

The merry-makers and social visitors who, in Lady Percival's time, thronged the hitherto convivial atmosphere of Heatherleigh, gradually dropped off after her demise, never again to enter the hall as welcome guests. Every thing changed at the Hall under the master's regime, until, in time, not a solitary visitor came to cheer or break the silent monotony of its desolation.

Sir Rupert was given to morose and melancholy days, and it was no wonder, under his spell, and grew to be an inhospitable old gentleman who, in his seventieth year, had come to even dislike a merry face.

Miriam had but few associates or visitors that she dared entertain at the Hall on this account; and under the influence of such distasteful solitude she grew taciturn and sorrowful. The shadows of her unfavorable abode told on her, and all the vivacity and freshness of her young life seemed degenerating into passionless existence in the frigidity of the Hall.

No wonder; even the servants became glum after the sunshine of Lady Percival's heart went out from their day, and they moved silently or with smothered grumble in their respective grooves, under the chilling influence of Sir Rupert's unsociable reign.

But there came a time, as it comes to all, whether their lines be sad or joyous, a break in the home life of the pale, silent daughter.

This change happened to Miriam when the tide of time set to the strange, joyless shores of the fatality that decreed the shutting of the doors of Heatherleigh against her, leaving her to drift away in sorrow's mists from its grandeur forever.

What had befallen her unlucky relatives had at last fallen with vengeful hand on the pale, proud daughter of the Percivals.

We sat and talked of her, in the dull gloaming of the autumn night so befitting her history, and listened to the fitful gusts of the angry elements sweeping around the Hall. By we I mean the old housekeeper and her husband, who were still occupying the servants' quarters, as I had rightly heard. It was in accordance with Sir Rupert's wishes that this faithful couple still kept their rooms in the west wing, and occasionally showed curious visitors over the main building. In the absence of visitants the Hall was kept locked, and the superstitious old pair never intruded on its dismal silence alone.

These two old servants, I soon found, were very much devoted to the memory of their dead mistress and the long-lost daughter. When I heard their lamentations for the "young mistress," and beheld their tears, I was tempted to disclose her whereabouts to the sorrowing twain, but on reflection I remembered she would never return as they desired, nor hold converse with any one within the environs of her birth-place, and as she was virtually dead to them I might as well hold my peace.

But when the conversation turned on Sir Rupert, they had but little to offer in his behalf; although their tones were respectful enough, I could see they had not forgiven him for the merciless doings of an unnatural father.

"You must show me the hall and tell me the story," I said, as we sat around the cheerful wood fire kindled in the great chimney that filled up nearly one whole end of the apartment. This room was so cheerful and pleasant in the glamour of the firelight, as I looked about me and enjoyed its coziness, that I could not clearly connect its genial air with the huge, shadowy pile I had viewed with such distrust from the outside; somehow it seemed impossible and I said as much to my entertainers.

"Oh! indade, an' it's your own swate self that knows nothing about this ghostly auld place; no, nothing at all."

Peggy turned her chair around quickly and faced me with this exclamatory burst of Hibernian elocution because I had ventured, I presume, to throw a shadow of doubt on the superstitious stories rife about Heatherleigh.

Facing me, she looked as much like a genuine ghost as I ever care to see, in her broad, white, ruffled cap and snowy van-

"HOWLY MOTHER!" SHE BEGAN.

dyke, illumined, so to speak, by the keen light of her wide-open blue eyes.

"No, perhaps not," I acquiesced, "but you must take me over the hall, tell me of the spiritual visitors, and then I may understand it better."

"That Oi will, me Leddy, in the daytoime, when the spirits rest an' there be no fears ov botherin' ye's Oi'll show you the gloomy ould apartments."

"Spirits never bother me," I answered, bravely. But my courageous and daring sentence did not fall on Peggy's ears very kindly, I found, for she grew excited at once. Hitching her chair closer to mine, and putting her shaky hand on my arm in solemn warning, she broke forth:

"Me Leddy, an' it's yerself that'll pay for yer wild spaches this noight in this awful place. An' ye's never lived at Haythurjeigh masthur; an' niver bearn o' the masthur walkin' an' waikin' all the long, ghostly noight until the cock-crowin'. No, ye's niver hearn tell o' the lokes o' that!"

"Howly mother!" she began again, letting go my arm and dropping into an attitude of resignation, "an' the masthur was a terrible man, an' outen his head for the most part o' the time long to'ard the last. An' to this day, me Leddy, his risalles spirit be a rovin' through the great rooms, and repintin' uv of his thratement uv the proud-hearted childer. Oh! save us, a-worryin' and repintin' yet."

After this burst of the determined old housekeeper I gave in and let her have her own way on the spirit question. I saw at once that it pleased the two old servants exceedingly to think that Peggy had converted me to their belief in spiritual manifestations, so I consented by my silence and let them believe as they chose. They little imagined I might be convinced against my will. I was not permitted to enter the main building that night, of course not. "The masthur moight be a-waikin'," Peggy explained, with drawn brow and confidential tone.

"I should suppose that you would not dare t' ve here at all if Sir Rupert is so restless. Are ye not afraid?" I said, when I found I was refused an evening glimpse into the hall proper.

"Och, no," exclaimed Peggy; "we niver bother with his part o' the 'stablishment, an' he's too much ov a gintleman to inter the servants' dingy rooms."

I laughed at her view of the matter and began to suspect that there was no spirit about Heatherleigh that wandered at night and dubbed by the inmates Sir Rupert.

My room was made ready for me in the wing and adjoining that of the old couple, for which I felt thankful. After such a vivid recountal as I had heard that evening, I felt it a privilege to be near a fellow mortal in the midnight watches. After retiring, I found that my nerves were all unstrung and I could scarcely close my eyes. Sleep I could not.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, went the great brass clock in Peggy's room, and every vibration echoed in my weary head. I fancied I could hear the tread of ghostly feet on the roof overhead, and felt certain that the fireless feet of Sir Rupert had stepped down and out of the deathly shadows of the dark, dank yews and were now on the repintin' promenade.

Alas! if I had but known just what I was fated to experience under the Heatherleigh gables, I should have died of fright before another day had dawned!

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning, however, my latent courage came forward, and in the smile of day I laughed at my trepidation of the previous night. Of course I prevaricated to some extent to Peggy, by replying in the affirmative when she asked me if I rested well.

After our late breakfast she conducted me through the silent, shadowy hallways up the dark, lonely stair-cases, through the hollow-echoing corridors, and into the most important apartments of the hall.

The rooms were just as Sir Rupert left them, the housekeeper said, with the exception, of course, of growing old from neglect and the accumulation of dust, which was ruining the silken curtains, damask hangings and once bright-hued carpets. "It is such a pity," I said to Peggy, "that these must be doomed to desolate decay."

"Yis," she answered, as I ran my hand over the narrow gold-striped and gray satin of the upholstered furniture, and found it full of ruinous breaks. "Oh! yis, but who's a goin' to dust this foine furniture for nothin', ma'am, but only to see the exquoisite patherns?"

I did not reply to her negative question, for I knew she was right, and I could but have said, "no one," at best.

"There was taste here," I said, looking about me, and making a note of the refinement in detail languaged forth in the faultless appointment of each stately-looking, but silent apartment.

"Ah! yes; an' the misthress had illigant taste to be shure, ma'am, an' the lokes o' her was not to be found in many a day's roide."

After ascending two flights of stairs we came to Sir Rupert's apartments.

"Away off up here, to be 'out o' the way ov the raibble,' he said," prefaced Clarkson as she put her hand on the door-handle.

This suite of rooms overlooked the park and a once beautiful lawn. And I ca

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - FEB. 14, 1890.

MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

To the members of the Democratic County Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—There seems to be a prevailing opinion among Democrats, that a change should be made in our system of nominating candidates for office. It is urged that the present system has damaged the party in the county and that a like result has followed its adoption in all the other counties where it prevails. I have been repeatedly urged by prominent Democrats throughout the county, who have no other interest in the matter than the good of the party, to call the County Committee together, for the purpose of considering the propriety of retaining the present, or adopting the old delegate system. Therefore, I will ask what seems to be a popular demand, that the members of the Democratic County Committee, meet at the Armory Hall, in Ebensburg, on Monday the 24th day of February 1890, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of deliberating on this and other matters of interest to the party. I would further suggest that each member of the County Committee, consults his constituents on the subject, so that any action taken by the Committee would be endorsed by the party.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
Chairman of the Democratic Committee
Carrolltown, Pa., January 21, 1890.

THE House Committee on territories on Wednesday decided to report favorably Delegate Carris's bill for the admission of Wyoming as a State.

THE Russian government will begin next Spring to build its 4,500 mile railroad across Siberia. This is a big undertaking and its estimated cost is $220,000,000.

THE long life of the late dowager Empress of Germany caused her to figure successively as the wife of an Emperor, the mother of an Emperor, and the grandmother of an Emperor.

THE old scheme of connecting Europe and Asia by railway via Constantinople has been revived, and if carried to completion, will do more toward changing the map of Europe than hostile armies could.

THE two great agricultural products were discovered, according to the received opinion, with the discovery of America—corn and tobacco. The tobacco is used all over the world, but our Indian corn has never gained a good footing across the water.

THE World's Fair will in all probability be held in Chicago. Boss Platt, owns the legislature of the State of New York and he has imposed such conditions on the holding of the fair in New York city, that the business men of the city are up in rebellion against him.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, has offered to spend not less than $1,000,000 for a Central free library and branches for the city of Pittsburg, provided the city will maintain them. The free library for Allegheny City on which Mr. Carnegie has expended $300,000, will be opened by President Harrison next week.

THE commission appointed to test the electrical execution apparatus in State prisons in New York, after experiments in the institutions at Sing Sing, Auburn and Dannemora, find that each apparatus can be used successfully and that death can be accomplished within four seconds. There is, in their opinion, no cause for imagining that there will ever be any failure of results.

IN Paris France, the young Duke of Orleans, who is the heir of the Bourbons and claims to be king of France, was tried for violating the expulsion law which forbids any claimants to the French throne from entering France, and on Wednesday was convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment. He will not be formally committed to prison for a few weeks yet in order that he may have an opportunity to appeal his case.

THERE appears to be Republicans in the House who can see beyond Speaker Reed's term of office, and who realize that the temporary advantage which may be gained by his unprecedented rulings will be more than offset by the disaster and defeat which is almost certain to follow. As a consequence there is mutiny in the ranks of the slender majority which just now is giving the Speaker more trouble than the so-called Democratic obstructionists. The great fight is coming, however, over the rules, and, as compared with what is in prospect, the contest of the last week is a little more than a preliminary skirmish.

A MAGAZINE rifle is to be served out to the English volunteer force. This, observes the Philadelphia *Press*, leaves our army and National Guard the only troops belonging to any civilized power which are unprovided with a magazine gun and still use the antiquated breech-loader—to-day as far behind the times as the muzzle-loader was once behind it. France uses a gun with nine charges, Austria one with five, Italy with twelve and Germany one matching the rest. Russia is still experimenting and so is Turkey. Everyone of these powers has adopted a smokeless powder and a bullet about one-third the weight of the one still used by our army, with its antiquated ideas.

THE manufacturing capitalists of Massachusetts and all New England, says the New York *Herald*, had free raw material offered them in November, 1888, and they rejected the offer with contempt. That is only fifteen months ago. There cannot have come about in so short a time so great a change, such a revolution in their industries, as they now pretend. But if we should be mistaken—if Mr. Moon and the other New England capitalists are really suffering—they need only to have patience until next November. A new Congress will then be voted for, and they can vote for, the Democratic candidates, all of whom will be publicly and solidly pledged for free raw material.

THE Washington *Post*, a Republican paper, in speaking of the new rules reported for the government of Congress by the Republicans says: "There is one thing about it: if rules of the House are adopted in the shape reported by the majority of the Committee, as they probably will be, the responsibility of these rules, for good or evil, must rest with the Republicans. If they open the way to the easier passage of extravagant or meretricious legislation or are found to operate unjustly to the rights of the minority or of individual members, by shutting off meritorious motions and restricting legitimate discussion, it will be the fault of the Democrats if they don't make good use of their opportunities and turn the situation to their own political account. The Republicans make the issue. All that the Democrats can do is to meet it courageously, and they ought to meet it uncomplainingly. If the Republican side of the chamber shall commit itself to a serious blunder thereby, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Crisp and his associates should remember that it is a long lane which has no turning, and it is not a long lane from one Congressional election to another.

IN the Senate at Washington on Tuesday Senator Hoar introduced a bill to prescribe, in part, the manner of the election of members of Congress, and it was referred to the committee on privileges and elections. It provides that in all States of the Union the representatives to Congress shall be elected in and for the districts now prescribed by law, until the apportionment of representatives shall be made by Congress according to the census to be taken in 1890, any law of such State hereafter to be passed to the contrary notwithstanding. The bill is evidently for the object of preventing the redistricting of Ohio and shows plainly the straits to which the Republican party is at last reduced and the devices to which it will resort to in its hour of need. The bill will be passed with the sole object in view of preventing a just and proper apportionment of the State of Ohio that would give the Democratic party justice. It will be a question however, for the Courts to decide, whether the bill is constitutional or not.

WE would not be surprised to hear that Messrs. F. H. Barker, of Ebensburg, and George T. Swank, of Johnstown, delegates elect to the next Republican State Convention and instructed to vote for George W. Delamater, as the choice of Cambria county for Governor, would resign after witnessing the grand ovation to General Hastings, at Johnstown, on Saturday last. Both the gentlemen no doubt, have a high regard for the wishes of the people and in view of the fact that but forty one votes were cast in Johnstown at the time of the delegate election and that fully three thousand enthusiastic people vied with each other to do General Hastings honor as his reception, it would seem that the instructions are sadly out of joint with the wishes of the people. Better for Messrs Barker and Swank to resign, call a new convention and let the wishes of a majority of the voters in the Republican party be obeyed.

THE Ohio *State Journal*, a thorough Republican paper, in commenting on the methods adopted in Congress by Speaker Reed, for suppressing all rights of the minority, calls a halt in the following manner: "It may be questioned," says the *Journal*, "if the new code of rules adopted by the Republican caucus does not go a little too far in the way of rendering the minority altogether powerless to delay proceedings upon a measure. The minority has rights, and they are just as sacred and just as the rights of the majority. It is of vast importance to the people that legislation in this country, and especially partisan legislation, shall not be hasty; the right of a minority to secure a reasonable delay in reference to such legislation, or, indeed, in reference to any other, cannot safely be abriged.

THE Democrats says the Boston *Herald*, stand well with the country now, as regards their course in the present Congress. They are sustained by all the precedents of practice there, including those of the entire line of Republican Speakers. Their course is conservative, and it is in the interest of sound legislation. The Republicans have not only substituted the unauthorized authority of one man for the power that both precedent and patriotism gives only to the majority of the people's representatives, they have opened the door for no end of corrupt schemes and selfish legislation by their act. It must almost inevitably come in, and the Democrats, if they continue to be wise, will have an immense advantage in fully fixing the responsibility for it on the other party.

PRESIDENT HARRISON on Monday signed the proclamation opening the Sioux reservation of 11,000,000 acres in South Dakota. Recently a number of people attempted to stake out claims in the new territory, but were promptly driven back across the Missouri, so that the country, unlike Oklahoma, is free from adventurous boomers. Besides this, the land will be subject to entry under the Homestead laws, and a payment of $1.25 per acre as well as an actual residence of five years, except in the case of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, who are required to obtain a patent. The region is said to be healthy and fertile, and will soon add to the agricultural wealth of the country.

ALTOONA people are feeling jubilant over the prospective visit of President Harrison to their city on a hunting trip. Several hundred hogs that escaped from a freight train on Saturday are running wild in the woods, near Kittanning Point, and as the hog, during this Administration, is the royal game, the Altoona people are watching every train confidently expecting President Harrison, with his little gun to put in an appearance.

A BALD eagle, whose wings were 10 feet across, was shot near Louisiana, Mo., by Absalom Davis the other day.

The Pan-American Fiasco.

It is something more than five months since our guests from Central and South America arrived in the country, and some of them are becoming quite anxious to bring the Congress to a close. That they should have grown weary of deliberations that can end in nothing, either wise or foolish, is quite natural. Since the Pan-American Congress assembled public interest in its proceedings has daily declined, until at last a great project, of which such high hopes had been entertained, has come to be regarded as a complete fiasco.

During their long sojourn in the country the Pan-Americans have visited its great industrial and commercial centres, and have seen much that has commanded their admiration and wonder. It is probable that by no means the least cause of their wonder is the fact that a Nation so enterprising and progressive, and possessing a land so richly endowed by nature, should have adopted a policy of commercial jealousy and isolation toward the rest of the world.

While considering this fact, our guests could scarcely be so impressionable as to be deceived by fine phrases and glittering generalities about drawing more closely the bonds of commercial intercourse among the nations of the Western Hemisphere. They recognize that under the existing tariff policy of this country there could be no serious question of establishing with Central and South America more intimate relations of trade.

In the entertainments, public and private, to which the Pan-Americans have been invited they have heard glowing accounts of the magic influence of subsidity as a means of cultivating intimate relations with their countries. But the subsidy jobbery, out of which a few steamship owners and a hungry Washington lobby may draw enormous plunder, has no attractions for them. They could not, of course, object to any expenditure this Government might choose to make in steamship bounties, but they would scarcely recommend such a profligate scheme to the people whom they represent.

It is not the Pan-American Congress, but the Congress of the United States, upon whom should devolve the task of promoting mutually advantageous commercial intercourse with our Southern neighbors. The first step to this end would be to admit free of duty the products which Central and South America have in such abundance, and which are so necessary to the people of this country. For this purpose no negotiations and no reciprocity treaties would be required. Nothing more would be needed than a few lines of an act of Congress.

But since the Pan American delegates have been in Washington they have seen for themselves how hopeless is the prospect for this sort of legislation. They witnessed the crowds of tariff beneficiaries before the Committee on Ways and Means pleading for increased duties on nearly all articles of import. They knew that the Chairman of that committee is the author of the high tariff platform of 1888, and that a majority in Congress, as well as the Administration, are fully committed to that policy.

It is not strange that their delegates from Spanish America should have grown weary of their mission and should now desire to return home. No matter what illusions they may have indulged in concerning the objects of their visits, they now recognize that the Pan-American Congress is a sad failure.—*Phila. Record.*

Eloquent Figures.

"There are some eloquent figures," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "which cannot be repeated too often, and which men are quick to forget, save when they are put forward in party strife. The fashion in which this great land has paid its debt, while others increase theirs, is one of them." Then follows a statement showing that the amount of the debt of the United States at each of the dates given was:

August 31, 1865	$2,735,995,275
March 4, 1869, Johnston	$2,525,463,259
March 4, 1877, Grant	2,088,781,152
March 4, 1881, Hayes	1,879,956,497
March 4, 1885, Arthur	1,405,928,359
March 5, 1889, Cleveland	965,106,020
January 1, 1890, Harrison	765,273,750
Reduction	$1,990,721,525

The Charleston *News and Courier* calls attention to the most striking feature of this eloquent exhibit, which, the Philadelphia organ missed for some reason or other. The total reduction of the debt for the 20 years of Republican administration, ending with President Arthur's term, it appears from the table, was $1,350,071,925, or an average of $67,503,596 yearly. The reduction effected by the Democratic administration, under President Cleveland, was $540,817,330, or an average of $135,204,332 yearly—which was a little more than double the average under the Republican administrations which preceded it.

Now we have a Republican administration again, and the reduction for the first 10 months of that administration is $99,832,270, or at the rate of $109,815,497, a year—which is $25,388,855 short of the Democratic average for the same length of time.

General Hastings in Johnstown.

The imposing and enthusiastic reception given General Hastings and his wife by the people of Johnstown and vicinity on Saturday evening was a most memorable occasion. There was a spontaneity and heartiness in the the welcome extended to the General that must have made him feel that gratitude is after all one of the well maintained attributes of the American people. Many thousands of men, women and children gratefully grasped his hand and thanked him for his patient and heroic devotion to the stricken valley in its sweep of desolation and death and a paper was formally presented to him, signed by 12,000 citizens of the city and county, recording their profound appreciation of his services.

Political machines may steal political delegates from General Hastings in Cambria county and even in Johnstown; but the voluntary demonstration of the people made on Saturday evening proves what a mockery of public sentiment are the achievements of party machines, and if the Cambria delegates respected the unmistakable wishes of the people they are to represent, they would promptly declare their purpose to vote for General Hastings for Governor. Every other county in the State might offer good or at least plausible excuse for not supporting General Hastings, but the Cambria delegation can't vote against him without proyoking public reprobation at home and public contempt abroad.—*Phila. Times.*

BALTIMORE, February 10.—A Norfolk special to the *Sun* say: Oyster vessels coming in to-day give particulars of the storm Saturday night which caught a number of oyster boats. Seven boats loaded with oysters started about the same time from the eastern shore for Norfolk and the sloop Josephine is the only one of the seven that reached the harbor safely. It is supposed that at least twenty lives were lost in the storm.

THE men charged with the bribing of the Cronin jury plead guilty in the Chicago courts on Wednesday.

Licensed Gambling in North Dakota.

There is every reason to believe the Republican National Committee in the presidential campaign had dealings with the Louisiana lottery and received a liberal contribution. Dudley is the attorney of the swindling company—for all lotteries are more or less swindles—at Washington, and its agent in North Dakota is ex-Senator Spencer of Alabama, a Republican carpet-bagger, who is managing the business at Bismark, the State capital, and is a bird of the same feather as Quay and Dudley. The Chicago *Tribune* special of Sunday from Bismark says the lottery bill will become a law despite the Governor's expected veto. The proposed lottery will be a branch of the New Orleans concern. The fact is the North Dakota people are hard-up and the lottery will give them relief in the matter of State taxation. A meeting of the business men of Bismark on Saturday indorsed the enterprise as one that would "secure to the State a large revenue without direct taxation, which will enable the State treasurers to meet at once all current obligations and in future relieve the State of the necessity for heavily bonding and borrowing." The Dakotians are up on a high mountain with the devil, and are likely to dicker with old cloven foot. Of the petitions presented to the Legislature on Saturday, 1878 petitioners indorsed the lottery and 1434 opposed it. The Bismark *Tribune* says: "Occasional protests in response to requests sent out by pastors have been received, but the bulk of the petitions from over the State favor the measure. It is looked upon as a business proposition. The moral side of the question receives little attention." Altogether affairs in North Dakota are in a bad way. One of the legislative remonstrants was the Mayor of Fargo, and the lottery company at once carried a motion for a committee to inquire into his licensing houses of prostitution and gambling in Fargo.

The lottery bill proposes to pay into the State Treasury $105,000 annually during the term of the charter, and $75,000 additional for the act. Its privileges are confined to the Louisiana lottery, and a motion to strike out the monopoly was defeated by a decided vote.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Queen Victoria's Address.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—The queen's speech was read at the ministerial dinner to-night. It opens with a reference to the cordial relations existing between her majesty's government and all foreign countries. Portugal, it says, has acceded to the request of England in regard to Central Africa, and the Portuguese government is doing its best to maintain the friendly relations that have always existed between that country and England. With these endeavors her majesty's government heartily co-operates.

It expressed the hope that favorable results will be accomplished by the Brussels conference toward the suppression of the slave trade. Egypt is congratulated upon her financial prosperity and the Samoan settlement is briefly alluded to and there is a promise to lay before parliament all the papers relating to the Samoan conference. Her majesty expresses hopes for good results from the federation movement in Australia.

In home legislation Ireland would demand a prominent place in the attention of parliament. Her majesty is glad to announce a marked diminution in the amount of agrarian crime, and a decrease in the number of counties wherein it is found necessary to enforce exceptional provisions of law. There is a promise to introduce a land purchase bill and a local government bill, and other measures to improving the material interests of Ireland.

It is stated that the Irish local government bill, which the government proposed, will be based upon the English local government bill, enacted in 1888. The *Daily News* says that if this is so every Libera. will welcome it as a stepping stone to home rule. Mr. Vernon Harcourt will bring up the Pigott forgeries in parliament to-day upon question of privilege.

It is reported to-night upon good authority that the government will propose to parliament an appropriation of $100,000,000, for the purchase scheme for Ireland, and that the bill is an extension of the powers given by Lord Ashbourne's act. The extradition treaty with the United States awaits only approval in Washington.

Could not Enter the Reservation.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Feb. 7.—A report was received this afternoon that the proclamation opening the Sioux reservation had been issued and a large number of prospective settlers at once left for the west side of the river. Many have for many days had their wagons loaded with lumber and everything ready to move at a moment's notice.

The settlers were, however, intercepted by Indian Agent Anderson with Indian police, and returned to the east side of the river. Major Anderson, said that, while he fully expected the proclamation this evening or during to-morrow, until definite and reliable information was received, he could allow none to enter the reservation.

For the last few days settlers have been arriving in large numbers, usually with teams, and they have at once secured all the necessities for establishing homes in the reservation. The town is now filled with them, and, while orderly, they are determined not to allow the grass to grow under their feet when the proclamation is once issued.

The river is frozen over at this point so that a crossing can be safely en ice, and the reservation lying directly west of the river can be reached in short order. The town is wide awake to-night and the wildest and most exciting scenes ever witnessed in the Northwest will be seen here when definite news of the issuance of the proclamation is received. Major Anderson will have troops on the ground to preserve order.

An Era of Republics.

Within the last thirty years the world has seen the establishment of the United States of Columbia, of Venezuela and of Brazil, as also of the Republic of France. A movement is now in progress looking to the Federation of the Republics of Central America, and the question of intercolonial federation is arousing so much enthusiasm in Australia that the United States of Australasia are within the probabilities. History has, in fact, been made so rapidly within the present generation that many of us may live to see the United States of Europe.—*Phila. Record.*

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethern Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound an well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at E. James,' Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto. Large bottles 50 cts. and $1.00

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—L. B. Clark, of Lancaster, became hilariously intoxicated from money he had collected to defray the funeral expenses of a poor neighbor.

—Nearly two hundred cars loaded with corn for European markets are standing on a siding of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad at Ringgold.

—Will January 1, A. D. 1900, be the beginning of the twentieth century, or will January 1, 1901? is a question that is now bothering the college professors in the East.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—The Burgess and Town Council of Chambersburg were arrested on a charge of maintaining a nuisance in opening a surface drain through a public alley, and, after a hearing before a magistrate, were held for court.

—The vicinity of the Kennebec River is said to be swarming with loemen from New York and the South. The poor prospects for a satisfactory ice crop from the Hudson have crowded the Maine hotels with buyers. The capacity of the Kennebec houses is rated at 1,200,000 tons.

—By prompt action the French government on Friday nipped in the bud what was apparently intended to be a Royalist coup d'etat, modeled after Louis Napoleon's mad descent upon Boulogne, and the consequence is that the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the Count of Paris, is in custody.

—Mrs. William Walter Phelps, wife of the American Minister, was presented on Saturday to the Dowager Empress Frederick at her palace in Berlin. The presentation was made by Countess Szecheny, wife of the Austo-Hungarian Embassador, and Count Von Seckendorff, of the ex-Empress' household.

—An inventory of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, made in the year 1600, recently republished, shows that the Queen then had 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 280 gowns, 136 "foreparts," 128 petticoats, 27 fans, 83 saveguards, 85 doublets, and 18 laps mantles. The gowns appear all to have been of the richest materials.

—The Court House in Mifflintown was broken into by burglars on Tuesday night. The offices of the Treasurer and Commissioners were ransacked, locks broken, and papers scattered, but all the booty the thieves got was $1 25 belonging to Clerk Burchfield's little daughter, which she had in a child's bank.

—Just before the Circuit Court adjourned on Friday in Clinton, Mo., a decree of divorce was granted Mrs. Sarah Brown, wife of Major Brown, on the ground of desertion. In less than half an hour after the decree had been granted the wronged and forsaken plaintiff found solace for her blighted affections by wedding J. Glen. The case probably beats the record.

—James A. Bailey, Barnum's partner in the greatest show on earth business, is one of the richest men in the United States to-day and half owner of the biggest and most successful show of the time. It was Bailey who bred the first elephant and lion in captivity, who bought and boomed Jumbo and who bribed King Theebaw to let the sacred white elephant leave Siam.

—Thirty-two conductors, the entire force of the People's Street Car Company, at St. Joseph, Mo., struck on Monday. The cause of their grievance was that the company instructed them to use a new cash fare register shaped like a coffee-pot. The company gave orders for the men to present the muzzle of this peculiar contrivance to the passenger, who would drop his nickel in the slot.

—During a recess in the trial of William Mayne, at San Diego, Cal., on the charge of assault to murder Wednesday, Bertha Johnston, the prosecuting witness, shot Mayne three times, taking effect in the head, neck and shoulder, inflicting probably fatal wounds. Mayne was sitting in a chair in the court room, when the woman passed back of him, turned quickly, drew a revolver from under her handkerchief and fired. She was arrested.

—The advance in coke announced as probable a week ago, when the scale of the coke-workers was under consideration, has been formally announced to consumers as raising the price to $2 15 a ton, to take effect on Monday simultaneously with the new scale of the workers. The advance is fifteen cents above what it was expected it would be, and there is much grumbling among iron and steel men in consequence.

—Morris Hannan, a farmer of Ole township, Genesee county, Michigan, had a favorite daughter, an ordinary farm hand and $60 in cash secreted in his house. One day last week, while the old folks were away, the girl, the farm hand and the $60 eloped, and no tidings have been heard of them since. The farmer has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Finch, the farm hand, but he doesn't have much hope of catching him. The silly girl is but 18 years old.

—On Saturday night last Allie, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Newton Ellis, went to the residence of Henry Thompson, of Cameron, Mo., for the purpose of spending the night with his daughter Susie. When the girls went up to bed Susie took a revolver from a bureau drawer, and pointing it at her guest said: "This is the way to scare burglars." A report followed, and Allie fell to the floor, shot through the brain. She died in ten minutes, and Susie's reason is despaired of.

—President Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, foresees the certainty that the journey around the world will be made in thirty-eight days within a few years. This will be when the great transatlantic railroad across Russia is completed. With a ship crossing the Arctic in five days and the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific made in four days, which can be done today by whosoever is willing to pay for it, all that will be needed will be close connections between boat and rail at every point.

—James Collins, who lives near Galesburg, Ill., while searching for hogs in the woods Tuesday, noticed bees flying around a large sycamore tree. Securing help, he chopped the tree down. As surmised it turned out to be a bee tree of the richest kind. It was a mere shell, and when it struck the frozen ground split open, showing a section of honey 30 feet long. In all he secured 1,100 pounds of honey. Mr. Collins thought the bees would have filled a large barrel, but he had no way of hiving them.

—Austin Moore, a mining engineer of Scranton, while walking near Pleasant Valley a few evenings since, heard a rifle shot, and the next instant a bear and two dogs rolled down the hill, and Mr. Moore hurriedly left the scene. The bear had been chased from the Spring Brook woods down into the Lackawanna Valley by two hunters, who had then lost sight of him. He was then seen by a watchman, who ran home for his gun, found he had no shot, and used a toy marble as a bullet. He stole near the wounded animal, fired, and the ball pierced his heart.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored s a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veil colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods i styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different s Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hand Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPO

—Farmer Becker, of Coolbaugh, Luzerne county, found a 300 lb. bear under his hay stack, a few days ago. He and his son, a strapping young fellow of 22, had a tussle with it and after a hard fight they killed it.

—William Barrof, a farmer living a few miles west of Lima, Ohio, arose from bed about 2 o'clock on Saturday morning and went to the well, a short distance from the house, to get a pitcher of water for his wife, who was not feeling well. Upon his return he entered the back room of the house, and was surprised to hear some one cough, the sound coming from the corner near the west side of the building. He lighted a lamp, and was further surprised to find a neighbor's six-year-old daughter sitting in a chair, in a somnambulistic state, in her night clothes. She had walked 3 miles on a country road and entered the house without waking. She had often visited the Barroff's, and was familiar with the premises. She was kept until the next morning, and then returned to her parents.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1 00 per quart or six quarts for $5 00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alternative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Only 50 cts. and $1.00 at E. James,' Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto.

B. & B.

NEW SPRING

Dress :: Fabrics.

The new arrivals are being opened up each day now, and they are voted on all sides "a lot of beauties."

100 pieces of double width Mixed Checks in browns, greys, and olive colorings; not ordinary every day-looking stuffs, but elegant and stylish in appearance.

The fact is these goods are exact copies of high-cost foreign goods. We bought the entire lot and will offer them at the low price of 35 cents.

Another lot of those double width (27 inch) Mixed Tricots at 15 cents.

A lot of 46 inch Colored All-Wool Serges at 50 cents. The best quality we ever saw for 50 cents, and worth every day 65 cents.

Regular line of new colors of elegant 46 inch Wool Henrietta Cloths at 75 cents. Plenty of stores sell this quality at $1 00.

Handsome new Spring Stripe Dress Goods, 42 inches wide, $1 00.

New Satines.
New Embroideries.
New Wool Suitings.
New India Silks.
New Ginghams.

In fact plenty of new goods and choicest styles in every department.

Because Goods are new or scarce is no excuse for charging an extra margin or profit on the sale of them. We do not handle our business on such principles. You can shop with us through the medium of our Mail Order Department as satisfactorily as in person. Have you tried it?

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

FARM FOR SALE.

There will disposed of at private sale a farm known as the William Ivory farm situated in Clearfield township, one-half mile from Chest Springs, containing

76 ACRES 76

More or less, thirty acres of which are cleared, and well watered and the rest of the land is well timbered with Hemlock, Chestnut, Maple and Beach. For further particulars call on or address MRS. LINCOLN GONRAD, Chest Springs, Jan. 3, 1890 2mo.

HOTEL FOR RENT.—That well-known hotel stand, known as the Merchants Hotel, situated at Summit, Cambria county, Pa., with eight acres of ground, adjoining will be rented on liberal terms. The house contains thirty-four rooms, bar-room, store-room, ice house, good stable, and all necessary outbuildings. The house will be rented entire or in part. For particulars enquire of the subscriber JAMES A. GILLAN, Summit, Pa.

PILES SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which protrude, bleed and ulcerate. Then a scab forms and the private parts become very sore. TREATMENT—Dr. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcerations, and in most cases removes the tumors. It is prepared only by physicians, and has been used in private practice for 30 years. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. a box. Address, Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of SWAYNE'S OINTMENT without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Pimples, Itch, Sores, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. a box. Address, Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. All your druggist has it.

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Watches, Cloc
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Silverware, Musical Instrum
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Optical Goods

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockfo
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Wate
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL
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My line of Jewelry is unsurp
Come and see for yourself before pu
ng elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVIN
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

Eckenrode & Hoppe

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

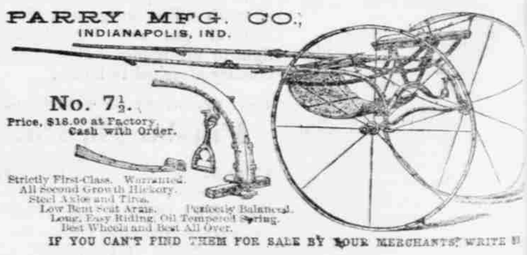
Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, plete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Not a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing G for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Child Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boot Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queens Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be exc anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarante isfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you fo favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL
CARROLLTOWN, P

AT YOUR SERVIC
With the best line of Ove in Philadelphia for Men, Y and Children. No matter kind of an Overcoat you you will find it here, made well-known reliable way, lowest prices.

A. C. Yates & C
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STR
PHILADELPHIA.

PARRY MFG. CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



No. 7½.
Price, $18.00 at Factory. Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over. Perfectly Balanced.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE U

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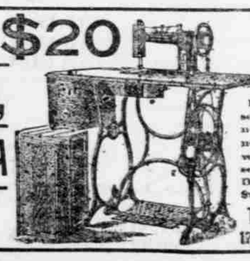
HIGH ARM,
PHILAD'A
SINGER.



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5 YEARS.
15 DAYS TRIA
Has self-setting Ne self-threading shutt noiseless and light-r ning, has the handsom wood-work, and fe set of extra attachme Don't pay agents $5 $60; send for circu
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WINTER RESORTS
TEXAS AND MEXICO
Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS St. Louis to the City of Mexico via
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.
IRON MOUNTAIN ROUT
H. C. TOWNSEND, G.P. & T. AGT., ST. LOUI

DIRT BREEDS VERMIN
Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO, it is well said. The mouse is muzzled in her house. Try it and keep your house clean. All grocers keep it.

Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - FEB. 14, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Insure your property with the Hemlock Insurance and Steamship Agency.

—Ex-Sheriff Blair, who has been confined to his home by illness, is again able to be about.

—Have your drafts payable in all parts of Europe, issued at the Hemlock Insurance Agency.

—Mr. John D. Wentroth, of Summerhill, has sold his hotel property to a party from Blair county.

—Mr. B. P. Anderson, the veteran lumber dealer, of Allegheny township, was in town on Wednesday.

—Mr. Martin Loap, of Cassandra, tried the sleighing on Wednesday, and spent a few hours in town.

—Buy your passage tickets to and from Europe from the Hemlock Insurance and Steamship Agency.

—There will be a grand hop in the Ebensburg Opera House on Monday night. Everybody invited.

—Martin Logan, of Cambria borough, had his leg taken off by the Johnstown Accomodation on Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. Bernard Litzinger, of Loretto, accompanied by her little son, was visiting friends in Ebensburg on Monday.

—Mr. Arthur E. Ellis, formerly of this place, is to be married on Tuesday next to Miss Emma Halloway, of Pittsburg.

—Misses Irene and Maude Glass took their departure for Philadelphia on Monday. They will be absent about a month.

—Squire Anthony Anna, who dispenses law and justice to the inhabitants of Hastings, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—W. L. Breese, of Salina, Kansas, who was called here by the death and burial of his mother, took his departure for home on Monday.

—Officer John D. Reese, of Johnstown, brought Edward Hanlon to jail on Wednesday to spend a sixty day term for beating his wife.

—Mrs. A. V. Barker, accompanied by her little daughter, Lovell, and her mother, Mrs. G. C. K. Zahm, are visiting friends in Johnstown.

—Rev. Father Walsh, of Lilly, was in town on Thursday and called in to see us. Time is dealing gently with the Reverend gentleman.

—Seeley Hopkins, the Center county murderer, who will be executed at Bellefonte on the 20th inst., declares that his last words will be "Down goes McGinty."

—A collection was taken up in the Ebensburg schools on Friday last for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Higbee, State Superintendent.

—Bessie Hammond, formerly teacher of elocution and literature of Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport, died at her home at Hollidaysburg on Friday morning from consumption.

—The choir of the Gallitzin Catholic church will give a grand dramatic and musical entertainment at St. Mary's Hall in Hollidaysburg, on Thursday evening, February 27th inst.

—S. M. Woodcock, Esq., a prominent attorney of Altoona, died on Monday last from pneumonia, the result of a cold contracted while on a business trip to Gallitzin a few weeks ago.

—Mrs. R. Roberts, her daughter, Miss Bird, and her son George M., took their departure for the sunny South on Tuesday. It is their intention to remain there the balance of the winter.

—Mr. Joseph Farabaugh, of Carrolltown, desires us to inform the public that his picture gallery, in Carrolltown, is open every day except Thursday and Friday of each week. Give him a call.

—Joseph Miller, of Barr township, who has been a subscriber for the FREEMAN for the past twenty-two years dropped in to see us on Thursday, while on his way home from a visit to Johnstown.

—Jerry R. Sheehan, of Clearfield township, died at his home on Sunday last. He was a native of County Cork, Ireland, where he was born about 67 years ago. He leaves a wife and ten children to mourn his death.

—George Faelsh, the sixteen-year-old son of a Pennsylvania Railroad switchman, residing two miles below Altoona, was killed on Sunday last at Elizabeth Furnace while walking on the track, being struck by Limited Express.

—The Democratic voters of the borough of Ebensburg are requested to meet at the Council room, in said borough, on Saturday next, at 7½ o'clock p. m. for the purpose of placing in nomination a ticket to be voted for on Tuesday next.

—Mark it down in your diary that in the winter of 1889-90 the first sleighing of the season in Ebensburg, was on Saturday, February 8th. It has been a long time since the like happened before and it may be a long time before it happens again.

—On last Friday evening the Johnstown Republican city convention met and nominated Thomas P. Keedy for Mayor; Samuel M. Miller for Treasurer; E. T. Carswell for Controller, and Irvin Rutledge, August Hammer and Emery West for Assessors.

—While Mr. Nathaniel Davis was enjoying himself skating on Shenkle's dam on Monday last, the ice gave way and he was precipitated into the water. In his efforts to get out his head and face came in contact with the ice, injuring him quite severely.

—Captain Morgan McDonald and wife, of Loretto, accompanied by Mrs. Winard and Miss Mollie Conrad, the two latter being from Braddock, Pa., but who were visiting friends in Loretto, took advantage of the sleighing on Monday and paid our town a brief visit.

—At the FREEMAN office is the place to get fine job printing. We are better prepared than ever before to turn out first class work. A fine lot of new type just received, and we have the finest assortment of poster type in Ebensburg. First-class work and moderate charges.

—Miss Eva Lloyd, manager of the Western Union telegraph office, in this place, was present at the opening of the Carnegie Library, at Pittsburg on Tuesday. It was a grand affair. Miss Little, manager of the Loretto office, filled Miss Lloyd's place here during her absence.

—The first harbinger of spring, four or five wagons loaded with gypsies, passed through town on Tuesday, traveling in the direction of the setting sun. They encamped about half a mile west of town and since then have been doing a thriving business in telling fortunes, selling baskets, etc.

—It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grains of corn and other foreign substances up their noses. This simple remedy is worth remembering. Get the child to open its mouth, apply your mouth over it and blow hard. The offending substances will be expelled from its nose.

—John Schockense was struck by Eastern Express, at Summerhill, on Saturday night, and literally cut to pieces. His remains were gathered up, placed in a coffin and taken to his boarding house at Webster Mines, where he was employed. The funeral took place at Wilmore on Sunday.

—The remains of Mr. Thomas R. Flick, who died in New York, on Wednesday of last week from pneumonia, passed through this place on Saturday last on their way to Carrolltown for interment. The deceased was a son of Mr. Francis Flick, of Carrolltown, and was about thirty-four years of age.

—William Cover, an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, had his left leg broken on Monday evening by jumping from his engine in a wreck at the west end of Altoona. The wreck was caused by a runaway train and resulted in the smashing up of four engines and a number of freight cars.

—An east bound freight train ran into another freight train near Kittanning Point on Saturday morning, wrecking a number of cars and blockading the tracks for several hours. Several cars loaded with live hogs were in the wreck, a number of which were killed, while hundreds of others escaped and scattered through the woods and adjacent country.

—The many friends of Mr. Joseph Bengele of Gallitzin, who was so terribly burned last week by the explosion of a gasoline tank, will be pleased to learn that he is getting along well and on a fair road to recovery. Although suffering great pain he bears it bravely, and thanks to a good constitution, it is believed and hoped that he will soon be able to be about again.

—Altus F. Foust, a brakeman on the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, while riding on the cow-catcher of an engine on Sunday last in the Altoona yard, for the purpose of making a coupling, was thrown under the wheels and injured so badly that he died while being conveyed to the hospital. The deceased was a resident of Huntingdon and leaves a wife and child.

—A fire broke out in the warehouse of Abram F. Stutzman, in South Side, Johnstown, on Monday night and had attained such progress before its discovery that it was impossible to save the building or its contents. The building was used for storing agricultural implements and contained wagons, sleds, sleighs, plows and harrows, together with a lot of seeds, oats and other feed. The fire is supposed to have originated from an overheated natural gas stove. The loss is estimated at about $3,000, on which there was no insurance.

—Contrary to their former intention the Commissioners have determined not to borrow the Lycoming county gallows, but to build one of their own. The reason that, from present prospects, it may be needed about four times in a year, or every 90 days, and it would be too great expense to be always borrowing an instrument of that kind. So to save trouble and expense they sent that master mechanic, Samuel Gault, to Williamsport to take a view of the machine there and then gave an order to build one for Centre bounty.—*Bellefonte News.*

—In another column will be found the announcement of C. J. Mayer, of Johnstown, as a candidate for County Treasurer at the next Democratic Primary election. Mr. Mayer is a well known Democrat, who for a number of years has been an active member of the party and a faithful worker for its success. He has the ability to perform the duties of the office and if nominated his election would bring to the office a competent and faithful official who would be true to the best interests of the public and make a courteous and obliging official.

—A teachers' institute will be held in Chest Springs, commencing at 1 o'clock Saturday, February 22d. The programme arranged is as follows: Opening address, Dr. Somerville; Tardiness, W. L. Behe; Regular attendance, M. J. Carl; Diligence, Agatha Wharton; Recitation, Aggie Connery; Importance of Education, J. W. Leech; Physiology in Schools, Dr. J. B. Noonan; Select Reading, Felicita Randall; Free text books, M. J. Kaylor; Notes, Annie Callahan. Music by the institute. Teachers are requested to come prepared to discuss any topic.

—Sunday night Albert Elgick, who keeps a boarding house in Minersville, got into a quarrel with Andrew Robinus, one of the boarders, on account of a woman. During the fracas which followed, Robinus seized a red hot poker and stabbed Elgick in the stomach. Robinus then fled, but was soon after captured by Officer Boucher. Dr. Porch, of Cambria, was summoned to the relief of the injured man, and found the wound to be of a serious nature. After the necessary attention was given him, Justice Bland visited Elgick and took his information against Robinus. Elgick will die.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—On Friday of last week a terrific wind storm swept over the vicinity of Blairsville doing a great amount of damage, sweeping away fences, trees and outbuildings. At Blairsville the West Penn Glass Works were blown down, two men killed, one being Charles Barr, the Superintendant of the works and the other a workman named William Birney. The building was a large brick structure just completed and was thought to be perfectly safe. But the wind lifted off the roof, when the walls began tumbling in and the workmen fled for their lives. Many were hurt by falling bricks and debris, but all escaped serious injury excepting the two mentioned who were found after the storm among the ruins of the works.

—A corps of engineers made their appearance here on Monday, working towards Ebensburg from the direction of Carrolltown. They are very reticent in giving out information and nothing can be learned from the men of the ultimate object of their work. It is known, however, that they followed the Susquehanna from Cherrytree to Andrew Strittmatter's, a mile and a half this side of Carrolltown, when they then followed very nearly the old plank road to this place, connecting their work with the Ebensburg & Cresson branch on Tuesday evening. It may be a long time between the preliminary survey and the advent of the Hungarians and Italians, with horses and carts, to build a railroad, but as a forerunner of something that is to strike us, we are glad to see an engineer corps hanging around in the neighborhood.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm, one mile south of Ebensburg. If not sold before the first of March the farm will be for rent.

JAMES MYERS.

DIED.

MCKENZIE.—Died at his home in Portage, on Friday, February 7, 1890, MR. SYLVESTER MCKENZIE, aged 67 years.

Deceased was born in Portage township and with the exception of a very few years' residence in Virginia after the war, spent his whole life in the neighborhood of Portage, and was respected by all who knew him as an honest, upright citizen. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Monday.

CASSIDY.—Died at the home of his sister, in Altoona, on Saturday last, WILLIAM CASSIDY, Esq., of Munster township, aged about forty-two years.

The deceased was the son of Mr. Henry Cassidy, the well-known engineer, and made his home with his father on the farm in Munster township, and was an acting Justice of the Peace. He went to Altoona about Christmas and was taken sick, continually growing weaker until the end came on Saturday. His remains were taken to Loretto on Monday for interment.

OWENS.—Died at his home in Cambria township, on Wednesday, February 12, 1890, MR. DAVID OWENS, aged about 60 years.

DEVEREAUX.—Died at her home in Cambria township, MISS SARAH DEVEREAUX, aged about 65 years.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Communicated.

CLEARFIELD TWP., Feb. 10, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR.—I see by the report of Mr. Gray, Chairman of the County Committee, a call for a meeting of the committee to determine the best plan of selecting candidates. I think our present system the best, providing it did not cost too much; I do not see why the Township Committeemen and clerks should be paid for election day (primary); surely they would want to go and when there they surely could stay five or six hours without pay. It would be right enough to give the Judge, say a dollar a day for making the returns to Ebensburg, for expenses, but the way it has been a poor man can't well pay the fee demanded of him to get his name before the people. If a director, or a candidate for Director of the Poor has to pay from fifteen to twenty dollars to get his name before the people, what has Commissioner, Treasurer, or Assemblyman to pay, and how will they get their money back unless by farming the office? and the poor man that don't have the fifteen dollars his name don't get before the people. We, the people, should weigh matters well, exchange ideas and opinions, talk things over and write on the same until we get the best plan, but this should all be done in the best spirit and for the greatest good to our good old Jeffersonian party.

DEMOCRAT.

PORTAGE PA., Feb. 8, 1890.

Editor Freeman.—In the Auditor's report of the receipts and expenditures for the Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county, published last week in the county papers, an item appears as a charge "I. Lilly for reporting to Board of Public Charity, $340.00." When I first saw the item in the FREEMAN I concluded it was a misprint, but on looking at other county papers I found it the same in all of them. I cannot understand what kind of a report it would be that would cost $340 00 a year to make it out. If it costs each county in the State $340 00 a year to make a report to the Board of Public Charities the sooner the legislature abolishes the Board the better. A number of your readers would like to have a little light on the subject. TAXPAYER.

We are unable at this time to "throw any light on the subject." After receiving the report, and before publication we met Mr. John Long, one of the Poor Directors, and inquired of him what the $340.00 was for. Mr. Long at that time thought there was no such item. A few days after publication we again met him when he said that the item was correct and had been in the auditor's reports for the last ten years. After showing him the report for 1888, in which no such item appears, he admitted that he did not altogether understand it himself, but said "the work was done and ought to be paid for."—[ED. FREEMAN.]

On to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

No better opportunity of taking the capitol by storm will ever present itself to the people of Western Pennsylvania than that offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad's Special Excursions of March 6th, April 3d and 24th. The round-trip tickets, valid for ten days and admitting of a stop-off at Baltimore in either direction, will be sold at the rates quoted below. A choice of trains may be made between the special of Parlor Cars and Day Coaches, the schedule of which is given, or the regular night trains leaving Pittsburg at 7.15 and 8.10 P. M.

Those who care to make the flying side-trips further South may purchase at Washington reduced rate excursion tickets to Mt. Vernon, Richmond, Petersburg or Old Point Comfort. Tickets will be sold and trains leave as follows: Rate from Johnstown, $7.35; train leaves at 10.13 A. M. Rate from Cresson, $7.35; train leaves at 11.02 A. M.

Return coupons will be accepted on any train within the limit, except the Pennsylvania Limited.

Why Continue.

The use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

General Hastings' Reception.

A public reception was tendered to Adjutant General Hastings and his wife, at Johnstown, on last Saturday evening, in acknowledgment of the great services rendered to the people of the Conemaugh Valley during the months immediately following the great flood. The reception took place at the residence of Mrs. Campbell, widow of General Jacob M. Campbell, deceased, and fully three thousand people called and paid their respects to General Hastings and his wife. Eight brass bands furnished music for the occasion and it was one of the grandest receptions ever held in Johnstown. Mrs. Hastings was surrounded by many of the prominent ladies of the city, who assisted her in receiving. After the reception a lunch was served at the Windsor Hotel, at which many prominent citizens were present, and General Hastings, Captain H. H. Kuhn and Colonel J. P. Linton, and others, made speeches.

The Proprietors

Of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, February 12, 1890:

Sylvester J. Wissinger, Stonycreek township, and Eliza Ann Swartman, Conemaugh township.

Matthew Montgomery and Harriet E. Drumard, Clearfield township.

John H. Lamar and Ellen Crum, Susquehanna township.

Michael Kluesar and Mariah Majoricks, Cambria.

W. H. Shipler, New Castle, Pa., and Emma Blanche Robb, Johnstown.

Daniel J. Will, Gallitzin township, and Mary F. Aukrum, Allegheny township.

James S. Walkins, Delaney, Blair county, Pa., and Mary Martz, Gallitzin township.

George Kelo and Sadie Kanouer, Jackson township.

Peter J. Kaylor, Gallitzin, and Frances Lentz, Loretto.

DIED.

MCKENZIE.—Died at his home in Portage, on Friday, February 7, 1890, MR. SYLVESTER MCKENZIE, aged 67 years.

Deceased was born in Portage township and with the exception of a very few years' residence in Virginia after the war, spent his whole life in the neighborhood of Portage, and was respected by all who knew him as an honest, upright citizen. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Monday.

CASSIDY.—Died at the home of his sister, in Altoona, on Saturday last, WILLIAM CASSIDY, Esq., of Munster township, aged about forty-two years.

The deceased was the son of Mr. Henry Cassidy, the well-known engineer, and made his home with his father on the farm in Munster township, and was an acting Justice of the Peace. He went to Altoona about Christmas and was taken sick, continually growing weaker until the end came on Saturday. His remains were taken to Loretto on Monday for interment.

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A Golden Wedding.

A large and happy gathering assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Pryce, in Cambria township, on Wednesday, February 5th, to celebrate their golden wedding. Without their knowledge some members of the family made arrangements to commemorate the event by inviting a good number of persons to greet the aged couple after fifty years of happy married life. Such an event is of rare occurrence, is worthy of special mention, and on the morning above mentioned the commodious dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Pryce was well filled with guests to extend congratulations. Soon after their arrival the tables were spread with the choicest delicacies and seventy persons sat down to dine beside a good number of children. After all had been abundantly satisfied with the rich repast provided, followed the speeches, singing, and giving of presents to the venerable pair. Mr. Hosea Evans called the meeting to order, and appointed a committee to report the proceedings to our town newspapers. After singing "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," Rev. George Hill, pastor of the First Congregational church, Ebensburg, being present, was called upon to make a few remarks on the occasion, to which the Reverend responded and delivered a very lengthy and appropriate address, and afterward made a presentation speech for the choir of said church. The following are the names of the members of the choir, all of whom were present: Misses Cassie Davis, Carrie Evans, Amanda Davis, Annie Humphreys, Emily Evans, Adelina Davis, Mrs. Wm. Davis, Mrs. David D. Pryce; Messrs. Thomas I. Davis, John Leighty, Harry Pryce, D. L. Owens, William Clement. Mr. W. D. Pryce has been a member from boyhood, and has sung in the sanctuary for sixty years, and such a veteran in the worship of praise deserved some recognition from the choir for the eminent services rendered before they were born. The present from the choir was twenty dollars in gold.

Next came a presentation speech by William Clement in behalf of the Board of Deacons, of which Mr. Pryce has been a member for over twenty years. Mr. Clement spoke in an eloquent and flattering manner and presented Mr. Pryce with five dollars in gold.

He was followed by Mr. Thomas Hughes, who spoke in behalf of the neighbors of the East District, and his speech was so rich in humor and good sense that it left a pleasing impression upon all, and he then presented Mr. and Mrs. Pryce with ten dollars and fifty cents in gold.

Then followed presents from their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren: Two pairs gold spectacles, from their children, David, Lizzie, Maggie, Howard and Addison. Gold pen and five dollars from D. D. Pryce and wife; Harry Pryce and wife, five dollars; Maude Zahm, gold pin and one dollar; Mrs. Lizzie Owen's five children, five dollars; Kitty and William Pryce, of Red Oak, of Iowa, two silk handkerchiefs, David Allen and William Clarence Pryce, five dollars; Mrs. Catharine J. Pryce and family, five dollars; Edward Thomas and wife two dollars; Mrs. Sarah A. Rowland, one dollar; Miss Mary Pryce, one dollar; John Howells, one dollar; Miss Sue Pryce, pair towels; Mrs. Ellen Walker, of Bloomington, Ill., gold thimble and gold collar button; Mrs. Morris J. Evans, of Bloomington, Ill., handkerchief and necktie; Mrs. Daniel J. Davis, gold dollar; Mrs. Nicholas Thomas, one glass pitcher and bouquet; John Thomas, head rest; Miss Clarinda Evans, of Kane, pair towels; Mrs. John Owens, pair towels and necktie; Miss Annie Mills, pair towels; Mrs. Jane Reese, pair towels; Miss Sarah Jane Thomas, embroidered apron; Mrs. Thomas Hughes, half dozen dessert dishes.

After the above presents had been given to Mr. and Mrs. Pryce Mr. John Ludwig was called and spoke a few words very appropriate to the occasion. The bride and bridegroom now felt several years younger, and expressed, in a few words their gratitude, but their feelings were almost too big for utterance.

The choir sang "God be With You 'till we Meet Again," and after a very happy day the crowd scattered to their homes. A large number boarded the train at Bradley's station and filled the pockets of Conductor Snyder with wedding cake.

Following is a list of those present: Rev. Hill and wife, Edward Thomas and wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Evans, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Reese, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. David Reese, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Zahm, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pryce, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Woods Thomas, Mrs. Sarah A. Rowland, Mrs. Benner, Mrs. Margaret Jones, Mrs. Catharine J. Pryce, Mr. John E. Davis, Mrs. Thomas J. Davis, Mr. Jane Davis, Mr. Reese, Mrs. John Owens, Mrs. G. G. Owens, Miss Sue Pryce, Miss Sarah Jane Thomas, Miss Maude Zahm, Miss Annie Mills, Miss Jennie Davis, Miss Jennie Davis, Miss Maggie J. Jones, Miss Emma Bennett, Miss Mary Pryce, Mr. John Ludwig, John James, William J. Pryce, Sherman Clement, Evan Pryce, William Thomas, Addison Pryce, Marshal Rowland, Alex Thomas, David J. Pryce, Frank Devereaux.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.

C. J. MAYER.

Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1890.

TRIAL LIST—SPECIAL COURT.—List of causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, Pa., commencing on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1890:

Flynn.....vs. Farabaugh.
Gallagher.....vs. Flynn.
Helsta.....vs. Uhle.
Hotte.....vs. Ashville Borough.
Eakins.....vs. Gallagher.
Findley.....vs. Haywood.
Laing.....vs. Gunning.
Stanton.....vs. Zimmerman.
Wainwright Co.....vs. Flynn et al.
Garman.....vs. Gardner.

JAMES C. DARBY, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 27, 1890.

TRIAL LIST—SECOND WEEK.—List of causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, commencing on MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1890.

Deemer & Co.....vs. Guyer.
Martin.....vs. McGlade.
Ellis.....vs. Greenwood.
Horner.....vs. Barnhart.
Miller.....vs. McClade.
Prinzle.....vs. Pringle.
Gray.....vs. Gray & Weyland.
McKay.....vs. Anderson.
Young.....vs. Johnson Steel St R'l Co
McLaughlin.....vs. Rourke.
Makin.....vs. Shanks et al.
Greesy.....vs. Reade.
Ulman Golds Hor. Co.....vs. McGough.
Crosswell.....vs. Cole.
Vogle.....vs. Taylor & McCoy.
Klein.....vs. Elliott.
Smucker & Co.....vs. Shiffler.
Morrow.....vs. Plunket.
Stonebraker.....vs. Suppes.
Gallie.....vs. Heunbert.
Same.....vs. Same.
Ulrich.....vs. Ulrich.

JAS. C. DARBY, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 7, 1890.

HEMLOCK

INSURANCE & STEAMSHIP AGENCY.

FIRE INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES ISSUED IN GOOD RELIABLE COMPANIES AT VERY LOWEST RATES.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS ISSUED PAYABLE IN ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.

J. B. Mullen, Agent,

HEMLOCK, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

February 14, 1890-1y.

LUMBER IS ADVANCING.

SAW-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES,

SHINGLE MILLS, HAY PRESSES, &c.

If you want a First-class SAW MILL, send for Catalogue and special price to introduce in your section to

A. B. FARQUAR, (Limited), York, Pa.

Receipts & Expenditures —OF— Cambria County, Pa., —FROM— January 7, 1889, —TO— January 7, 1890.

THOMAS E. HOWE, Treasurer.

	Dr.	
To bal. on hands at last settlement		$ 14,397 15
To amt. of duplicate for 1889		89,797 37
To amt. received from redemption of lands		257 08
To amt. received from seated and unseated lands, 1887 and 1888		1,899 19
To amt. received from unseated lands for 1889		2,173 41
To amt received from Constables for 1888		1,995 10
To amt. borrowed money		20,000 00
To amt. received from Sheriff Gray and Stineman, jury fees and costs		252 56
To amt. received from M. D. Kittell, collections		1,932 76
To amt. received from H. A. Shoemaker		225 62
To amt. received from H. G. Rose, Jethro Oldham judgment		200 00
To amt. received from W. A. B. Little, maintenance of Henrietta Topper		140 00
To amt. received from I. Lilly, money rec'd at Poor House		497 27
To amt. received from miscellaneous sources		137 62
To amt. received from tavern licenses for use of county		5,846 25
		$139,211 78

THOMAS E. HOWE, Treasurer.

	Cr.	
By amount paid—		
Assessors		3,527 29
Auditors (county)		490 20
Auditors (State)		54 00
Agricultural Association, Carrolltown		100 00
Boarding jurors		161 00
Boarding prisoners		5,127 75
Building bridges		11,274 10
Bridge and road views		305 80
Borrowed money		10,000 00
County Commissioners		1,200 00
Expenses of same		37 30
Commissioners' clerk		600 00
Commissioners' counsel		400 00
Coal, crier and tip staves		540 00
Constables		1,095 15
Criminal prosecutions		4 642 20
Court House expenses		1,104 10
District Attorney		1,912 99
Elections		4,066 54
Exonerage and postage		99 99
Interest and discount on borrowed money		628 98
Inquisitions		528 25
Janitor of Court House		600 00
Jail and jailor		5,048 38
Jury Commissioners and clerk		99 00
Jurors (Grand)		814 43
Jurors (Traverse)		24 00
Jurors (Traverse)		4,457 58
Miscellaneous		41 50
Probates		11 50
Prothonotary		1 237 90
Printing		1,184 16
Poor House Directors		247 02
Register		926 48
Records		376 00
Fox and other scalps		58 50
Transcribing records		2,356 00
Road damages		416 03
Road fund		3,790 81
Refunding		2,454 64
Old orders		287 04
Reform School		1,080 56
Western penitentiary		2,919 [illegible]
Western Pennsylvania hospital		2,134
Warren Insane Hospital		52 61
Teachers' Institute		200 00
Redemption of lands		210 13
Poor House orders		16,321 44
School fund		6,091 88
Sheriff		1,750 25
State tax		3,186 72
Soldiers' burial		694 58
Stenographer		324 75
Stationery		84 85
Surveying		22 60
Remaining in Constables' hands		5,226 18
Exonerated		4,554 00
Abatement to tax-payers		2,721 82
Treasurer's commission on $9,846 25 license money, 5 per cent. on $1,000, 1 per cent. on $1,000 and ¾ per cent. on balance		79 23
Treasurer's commission 5 per cent. on $68,435 42, being amount collected less amount remaining in Treasurer's hands		4,671 77
Treasurer's commission 2½ per cent. on $5,386 23, money collected from various sources		133 65
Bal. remaining in hands of Treasurer		15,764 96
		$139,211 78

AMOUNTS DUE FROM CONSTABLES for 1890.

Peter Culleton, Cambria bor., 1st w.	$	6 00
Andrew Culleton, Cambria bor., 2d w.		101 18
Archie Farrell, Prospect		187 14
Edward Connery, Conemaugh bor., 2d w		193 04
Caleb Butler, Coopersdale		113 75
Andrew Boucher, Millville, 2d w		4 00
Edward Connery, Conemaugh bor., 1 w.		191 80
A. J. Berkey, Grubtown		97 50
W. A. Uhlery, East Conemaugh		9 87
H. F. Burkhart, West Taylor		224 94
W. A. Killin, East Taylor		179 44
George Gallitzer, Woodvale		309 44
W. A. Lantzy, Upper Yoder		100 00
John W. Stock, Lower Yoder		41 24
John C. Hanlon, Tunnelhill bor		202 88
S. A. Buck, Carrolltown bor		20 81
Alfred Miller, Ashville bor		112 48
Andrew Callihan, Chest Springs bor		178 18
R. W. Delozier, Clearfield twp		558 46
L. J. Bearer, Susquehanna twp		831 84
Thomas A. Brown, Washington twp		178 28
L. O. Gates, White twp		99 60
A. J. Skelly, Wilmore bor		80 45
John M. Watt, Gallitzin twp		291 62
George Yeckley, Gallitzin bor		289 92
Anselm Weakland, Elder twp		370 50
Isaac Weakland, Carroll twp		473 99
A. J. Miller, Dean twp		123 21
John Roehm, Summerhill twp		131 50
	$	8,236 18

DISTRIBUTION OF LICENSE FUND TO Districts.

Adams twp., $37 50 less 5 per cent.	$	35 62
Ashville bor., $60 less 5 per cent.		342 00
Barr twp., 75 less 5 per cent.		71 25
Carroll twp., 150 less 5 per cent.		142 50
Carrolltown bor., 900 less 5 per cent.		855 02
Chest Springs bor., 180 less 5 per cent.		171 00
Chest twp., 112 50 less 5 per cent.		106 87
Cambria bor., 2260 less 5 per cent.		2,137 50
Conemaugh bor., 1800 less 5 per cent.		1,710 00
Croyle twp., 187 50 less 5 per cent.		178 12
Dean twp., 75 less 5 per cent.		71 25
Ebensburg bor., 2(6 less 5 per cent.		242 09
E. Conemaugh bor., 270 less 5 per cent.		256 50
Elder twp., 357 50 less 5 per cent.		339 62
Gallitzin bor., 810 less 5 per cent.		769 50
Franklin bor., 93 less 5 per cent.		88 50
Grubtown bor., 90 less 5 per cent.		85 50
Johnstown bor., 3780 less per cent.		3,591 00
Lilly bor., 810 less 5 per cent.		769 50
Loretto bor., 270 less 5 per cent.		256 50
Millville bor., 1260 less 5 per cent.		1,197 00
Portage bor., 225 less 5 per cent.		213 75
Prospect bor., 180 less 5 per cent.		171 00
Reade twp., 112 50 less 5 per cent.		106 87
Richland twp., 75 less 5 per cent.		71 25
Stonycreek twp., 112 50 less 5 per cent.		106 87
Susquehanna twp., 180 less 5 per cent.		142 50
South Fork bor., 270 less 5 per cent.		256 50
Tunnelhill bor., 360 less 5 per cent.		342 00
Washington twp., 357 50 less 5 per cent.		339 62
Wilmore bor., 180 less 5 per cent.		171 00
Upper Yoder twp., 75 less 5 per cent.		71 25
Lower Yoder twp., 75 less 5 per cent.		71 25
	$	16,539 50

AMOUNT DUE DISTRICT FROM SEATED and Unseated Lands 1887, 1888 and 1889.

	Road.	School.
Adams twp	$ 50 08	$ 53 26
Barr twp	10 78	11 61
Blacklick twp	76 89	103 47
Cambria twp	7 45	11 03
Chest twp	26 12	57 89
Clearfield twp	44 98	19 44
Croyle twp	75 48	81 65
Conemaugh twp	39 66	31 68
Dean twp	63 84	21 69
Elder twp	53	181 90
East Taylor twp	27 36	24 35
Gallitzin twp	2 04	1 92
Jackson twp	58 56	74 48
Portage tw

Important Facts.

Thomas A. Becket is recorded in history as being very rich. On one occasion when entering a French town his possession was headed by 250 singing boys; then came his hounds in couples; then eight wagons, each drawn by five horses driven by five drivers; two of the wagons filled with ale to be given away to the people; four, with his gold and silver plates and stately clothes; two with the dresses of his numerous servants. Then came twelve horses, each with a monkey on his back; then a train of people bearing shields and leading fine war horses nicely equipped; then falconers with hawks upon their wrists; then a host of knights, gentlemen and priests; then the Chancellor with his brilliant garments flashing in the sun, and all the people capering and shouting with delight. After this he suddenly changed his whole manner of life. He ate coarse food, drank bitter waters, and wore next to his skin sackcloth covered with dirt and vermin, (for it was then thought very religious to be very dirty), flogged his back to punish himself, lived chiefly in a little cell, washed the feet of thirteen poor people every day, and looked as miserable as he possible could.

Sesostris was the most distinguished of all the Egyptian kings. He formed the idea of conquering the world, so set out with an army of 600,000 footmen, 25,000 horsemen, and 27,000 armed chariots. His conquests were extensive, and he returned home laden with the spoils of various subjugated nations. He is said to have caused the captured princes, four abreast, harnessed to his car instead of horses, that they might draw him to his temple. In his old age he lost his sight, he became despondent and took his own life.

Cadmus was the first who introduced the use of letters into Greece, though some maintained that the same alphabet was in existence among the native inhabitants. This alphabet consisted of sixteen letters, to which eight were afterward added.

Hermes Trismegiste is celebrated for his philosophical writings. He added five days to the year, which before consisted of only three hundred and sixty.

Homer flourished about 900 years before Christ. He was a poor, blind man and used to travel from place to place singing his verses. But his genius was transcendent. All succeeding ages have bowed to it; and his poems have been taken as the model of all epic productions of any note written since his day.

Eurysthenes and Procles were two brothers; their father Aristodemus having been killed in battle, they being twins, their mother was unable to tell which of them was the first born. The Spartans consequently agreed that they be joint kings.

Sardanapalus was considered to be the most effeminate of mankind. He never left his palace, but spent all his time with his women and his eunuchs. He imitated them in dress and painting, and spun with them at the distaff. Being besieged in his city by Arbaces, governor of Medes, he at length set fire to his palace, and consumed himself, with his women, eunuchs, and treasures.

Xerxes had under him 2,000,000 fighting men, besides vast numbers of women and domestics, the largest army and assemblage of persons recorded in history.

Quinctus Cincinnatus was called from the plough to the office of Dictator. He was considered to be the wisest and bravest man belonging to the commonwealth. He cultivated a small farm of four acres with his own hands. The deputies of the Senate found him following the plow in one of his fields. They begged him to put on his gown and hear the message from the Senate. Cincinnatus anxiously asked "if all was well?" He then desired his wife to fetch his gown from his cottage. After wiping off the dust and with which he was covered, he put on his robe and went with the deputies. They saluted him Dicator, and bid him hasten to the city, which was in the greatest peril. He saved Rome from destruction by his wisdom and valor.

A singular occurrence, showing the providence of God in the government of the world attended the siege of Rome. The city was at one time nearly taken by surprise; a number of Gauls having climbed up the steep rock on which it stood, were about to kill the sentinels and make themselves masters of the place, when some geese, kept near the post, being awakened by the noise, began to flutter their wings and cackle loudly, so as to arouse the soldiers. This little incident saved the capital, and perhaps the Roman name from extinction.

Asistotle said when dying, "I entered this world in impurity, I have lived in anxiety, I depart in perturbation. Cause of causes pity me."

The Average Mother-in-law.

There is no femail woman now stationed on the buzzum ov this earth who iz more anxious to please, and fails oftener than the average mother-in-law.

Her motives are seldum construed right, and what iz often real good sense and genuine kindness iz called sticking her noze into things.

There iz no stashun in life more difficult to phill; it iz harder to be a first klass mother in-law and to do the subject justiss than it iz to be a wife.

I would rather be an old maid than to be a mother-in-law, but I don't never expekt to be either.

I hav seen mother's-in-law who were az hard to get along with az a bunyon; but i no skores ov them who were az the dew on the mountain grass and az nice to hav in the house reddy for use, as a bottle of Spalding's glue.

The average mother-in-law- has mi sympathy; she also haz mi advice, and it iz this,—don't liv with yure children until yu are obliged to.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sholoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if is does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

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CHEWING TOBACCO

IS INDEED A LUXURY

FINZER'S Old Honesty

COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT

AND IS KNOWN AS A

Standard Brand

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THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

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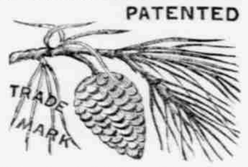

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

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The secret of my happiness is, I have thrown away my old Blacking Brush, and have

WATERPROOF BOOTS

BEAUTIFULLY POLISHED WITHOUT LABOR.

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Produces a polish without the old brush, and the shine will last a week or more, and does no one's shoes. Why stick to old ways in these days of progress? Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, etc.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

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J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find neat our place of business in business hours. Everything keeps neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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WANTED

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Liberal Pay Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write PARD E. YOUNG, Nursery man, Rochester, N. Y. A PRESENT. If you become my agent and sell $100, will give $2 for copy of this ad. Cut this out.

Dec. 6, '89.-2m.

Farm Notes.

The farmer's wealth is not that which he receives and expends every season, nor can he estimate his yearly gains with any degree of certainly, as he may apply to his soil that which may require several seasons to give an adequate return. How many farmers pause to consider the increased wealth of the land itself, or the possible amount in value of crops that may be taken from the land for years without any addition to the soil in the shape of manures or fertilizers? Very few. Yet there are many farmers who are compelled to struggle under difficulties, and who barely make both ends meet" from the beginning of the year to its finish, but who are slowly and surely becoming wealthy, though this gradual increase may not be immediately noticed.

It is an old maxim that the safest investment is in land, for the reason that land cannot be stolen or destroyed, remaining permanently as deposited wealth until it passes into other hands. But the land is also the receptacle for more wealth and locks up within itself valuable material that may at some time be converted into marketable products. Every farmer who grows crops, raises stock, aims to improve his farm, will, in the face of all obstacles, store up in the soil, as plant food, wealth that cannot be utilized immediately, but which in the future will place him in a more independent position and offer fourfold that which it received by changing the unsalable commodity of the farm into forms by which it becomes articles of demand. The fertility of the soil is the treasure of the farmer buried until he digs for it at the proper time.

Though nature is at work she requires materials, and the farmer simply utilizes the forces at his command to change the material, and place them in positions of advantage. The source of the farmers' increase is the manure. The manure heap is a real factory, a chemical laboratory, in which a portion of the products of the farm are worked over and changed and the more perfect the work performed in this labratory the greater the aid and assistance afforded the crops during the growing season. The farmer every year becomes wealthier because he is converting waste material into plant food, which is added to the soil, and whether droughts entail failure, or prices fall, his mine of wealth remains, which is itself a thing of value over and above that which he may derive from the sales of his produce in market.

Life in "Mulberry Bend."

It is upon "The Bend," in Mulberry street, New York, that this Italian blight has fallen chiefly. It is here the sanitary policeman locates the bulk of his Four Hundred, and the reformer gives up the task in despair. Where Mulberry street crooks like an elbow, within hail of the old depravity of the Five Points, are the miserable homes of the ragpickers. The law of kaleidoscopic change that rules life in the lower strata of that city long since put the swarthy, stunted emigrant from southern Italy in exclusive possession of this field, just as his black-eyed boy has monopolyzed the boot-black's trade, and the Chinaman the laundry. Here is the back alley in its foulest development—naturally enough, for there is scarcely a lot that has not two, three or four tenements upon it, swarming with unwholesome crowds. What squalor and degradation inhabit these dens the health officers know. Through the long summer days their carts patrol The Bend, scattering disinfectants in streets and lanes, in sinks and cellars, and hidden hovels where the tramp burrows. From midnight till far into the small hours of the morning the policeman's thundering rap on closed doors is heard, with his stern command, "Apri port!" on his rounds gathering evidence of illegal overcrowding. The doors are opened unwillingly enough—but the order means business and the tenant knows it even if he understands no word of English. In a room not thirteen feet either way slept two men and women, two or three in bunks set in a sort of alcove, the rest on the floor. A kerosene lamp burned dimly in the fearful atmosphere, probably to guide other and later arrivals to their "beds," for it was only just past midnight. A baby's fretful wail came from an adjoining hall-room, where, in the semi darkness three recumbent figures could be made out.

What Produces Death.

Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression "chocked with passion," has little exageration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not, as it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out.

The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have nearly their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, the hog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are 100; but, instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period.

The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard working of all animals, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

THE laundry man has to receive a good many cuffs in this world.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

These two diseases cause untold suffering. Do you think that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." FRANK CASOLL, Eureka, Nevada.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists. Mammoth testimonial paper free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt.

"Paine's Celery Compound has been a God-send to me. For the past two years I have suffered with neuralgia of the heart, doctor after doctor failing to cure me. I have now taken nearly four bottles of the Compound, and am free from the complaint. I feel very grateful to you." CHAS. H. LEWIS, Central Village, Ct.

Paine's Celery Compound

"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism, and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of this medicine I am now cured of rheumatic troubles." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, So. Cornish, N. H.

Effects Lasting Cures.

Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these—copies of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entirely vegetable; a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

DIAMOND DYES Give Faster and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes. BABIES Living upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Happy, Hearty. It is Unequaled.

DRINK PURE WATER.

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

Purifies by Aeration.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 40-ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No stuckers or valves to wear out.
If he has wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest, most durable and economical pump for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing hidden below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 38 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

A live agent wanted in every town in the United States. Address

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No. 68 BED LOUNGE.

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SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

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Manufacturers of HIGH GRADE PIANOS and ORGANS.

Importers and Jobbers of Music and Musical Merchandise.

We Make a SPECIALTY of Organs in Piano Cases, FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak

And containing our own Patented Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence Solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

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The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

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Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

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Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

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Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

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Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

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Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

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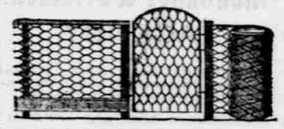

The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, etc. Also manufacturers of Light and Heavy Iron Fencing, Cresting, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters, Fire Escapes of different designs, and all kinds of IRON AND WIRE WORK.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Both sexes. Write quick. GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

Can Light His Breath.

The strange case of William Jackson, whose breath was inflammable, excited a great deal of interest in medical and scientific circles two years ago. At that time, says a prominent writer, Mr. Jackson was a photographer in Fayetteville, N. Y. More recently he has been engaged in this same business in Middlebury, Vt. One evening at ten o'clock he lighted a lamp with a match. Then with a breath of air sought to "blow out the match." Instantly his breath took fire with a slight explosion. Jackson gasped with fright, and the flame of the combustible air entered his mouth and blistered his tongue. His lips and face also suffered, and his mustache, eyebrows and the hair above his eyebrows were singed to a marked degree. The man was at first badly frightened, and his wife, who was a witness of occurence, screamed with alarm.

After waiting an hour to see if there would be a repetition of the phenomenon, Jackson went to bed. The next morning he consulted his physician, Dr. T. E. Quinly, who recognized the case as a singular one, and engaged the writer of this article to report it for the medical journals. The truth of the reports was at first questioned on all sides, but, after the matter was thoroughly investigated, it was admitted that such a case might possibly occur. Then in 1874 it was learned that an European medical journal had published a report of a similar phenomenon, and musty scientific tomes were searched, and one item discovered that substantiated the present. Then Jackson discovered that he could reproduce the phenomenon almost at will, but as the experiment sometimes resulted in unpleasant burns he would exhibit his peculiarity only on special occasions. At last medical men figured out a theory to explain the freak. They came to the conclusion that it was not the breath from Jackson's lungs, but air belched from his stomach, that would take fire. The patient had never been a drinking man, so the gas was not rendered inflammable by the presence of alcoholic vapor, but for years he had suffered from a peculiar kind of dyspepsia. Dr. William Manlius Smith, professor of chemistry in the Syracuse Medical College, after careful study concluded that food in Jackson's stomach underwent a butyric acid fermentation, one of the products of which was carbureted hydrogen, sometimes called "marsh gas," the "firedamp" of mines. Jackson understood a little about chemistry and one day he and the writer went to an old, stagnant pond and collected a bottle full of "marsh gas." When lighted it exploded, and burned precisely as did Jackson's breath. The gas was collected by holding the bottle under the surface of the pond, stirring up the mud in the bottom of the pond, and catching in the bottle the bubbles of gas as they arose. Jackson is about thirty years old and a genuine Yankee. He is a bright humorist, and as genial a fellow as one ever has the pleasure of meeting. He has been a newspaper man, Indian fighter, photographer and half a dozen other things. He is also at artist of no mean ability. His wife was formerly his school-teacher.

Germany's Royal Children.

The young Emperor of Germany, William II, has five little boys. The eldest is seven years old. He is the Crown Prince and the heir to the throne. He will some day be Emperor of Germany. He is a fine, manly little fellow.

Germany is a very military country, and the Emperor William is such a thorough soldier that strict military discipline is the order of the day in the nurseries of his little people. As soon as petticoats are left off the tiny boys are dressed in baby uniforms, and the young Crown Prince looks quite like a little soldier.

When their father visits them in their own quarters, as I suppose I ought to call such a military nursery, the Crown Prince commands his military brothers to "fall in." Then Frederick and Albert, who are scarcely more than babies, "fall in." Little Prince Albert is such a mite that he is not able to keep his position for long and he soon trots away to his nurse's side. But the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick stand stiff and starched like real soldiers till their father returns their salute in proper fashion.

When the little Crown Prince was six years old he was given a bedroom to himself, instead of sleeping in the nursery with the others. He was very pleased, and said: "Oh, that is nice; now I need not be with the children any more."

In the summer of 1888 all five boys had a charming holiday with their mother at the beautiful castle of Oberhof, in the forest of Thuringia. Their father was away. A little fort was built for them in the corner of the gardens, with a tent and two small cannon. The three eldest, dressed in officers' uniforms, paraded in front of the fort. Then while the Crown Prince beat the drum, an old soldier showed the other two how to attack and defend the fort. Little Prince Augustus William, who was only a year and a half, was dressed in white and wore a tiny helmet. He looked on and clapped his hands. In Germany every boy, whether he is the son of the Emperor or of a peasant, has some day to be a soldier. The Emperor is very fond of his five boys. Almost his first question is, when he returns home, "How are the boys?"

A Stove Used as a Bed.

In the north of China the climate is quite cold, and there are no stoves or fire-places in the wayside inns. In some of the general rooms are small charcoal braziers, but the bedrooms, which are very scantily furnished, contain neither stove nor bed. In their place is a brick platform long enough for a man to stretch himself at full length upon and raised a foot or two from the floor, with an opening in the side. Into this aperture the servant pushes a pan of burning coals, and when the bricks are thoroughly heated the traveler spreads out upon them the bedding he has brought with him, and lies down to rest on his stove.

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGAN AND PIANO CO.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

NEW MODEL ORGAN, STYLE 2244. Contains a five octave, Nine Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price $90 cash; also sold on the Easy Hire System at $12.87 per quarter, for ten quarters when organ becomes property of person hiring.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS. The Mason & Hamlin "Stringer," invented and patented by Mason & Hamlin in 1882, is used in the Mason & Hamlin pianos exclusively. Remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune characterize these instruments.

POPULAR STYLES ORGANS AT $22, $32.50, $60, $70, $96, AND UP.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash, Easy Payments, and Rented. Catalogues free.

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I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

NO MORE OF THIS!

Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, will often slip off the feet. To remedy this call the

"COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

after a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the Rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS"

and you can walk, run or jump in them.

GASTON, WESTON & LADD, TORRINGTON, Conn., and 46 Beekman Street, New York. MANUFACTURERS OF GASTON'S PRESTOLINE PASTE, SILVER COMPOUND, LIQUID. LILLIBRIDGE'S OLD ENGLISH POLISH.

Gaston's Prestoline,

THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISH,

For Cleaning and Polishing

BRASS, COPPER, BRONZE, NICKEL, &c.

It will clean Metals with less labor than any preparation ever produced, giving a brilliant lustre which cannot be equaled, and which will last longer than any polish obtained by other means. Sold by the

HARDWARE AND GROCERY STORES.

CANVASSING AGENTS WANTED.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, COUGH or COLD, THROAT AFFECTION, WASTING of FLESH,

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.

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C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

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Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

☞ Shop Back of Kew on Centre street.

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TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Some Facts About "Relics."

Charley Howard was talking to Burke, the old book store man a few evenings ago, when a stranger from New Orleans slipped up saying to Mr. Burke:

"What will you give for a big lock of Jeff Davis's hair?"

"Ah, I have plenty of it," answered Mr. Burke. "Quite a quantity."

Then as the stranger walked away surprised that any one should have the treasure he thought so valuable, Mr. Burke said:

"The truth is I have anything a relic-hunter wants. I have hair from the head of many distinguished men, dead or alive. Maybe you will don't believe it, but one quarter the money I put into my house came from the sale of hair on George Washington's head.

"Do you know," Mr. Burke went on, "that the relic-hunter is the biggest fool on earth. Any relic he may want has no value. It is simply a question of how much he is able to pay. I can always size a man up as he comes in, and am therefore able to hit him just right.

"Take a battlefield relic," said Mr. Burke, after a pause, "I go home, say, and get my wife to mark a half-dozen pieces of ribbon as I want it. Then I pound two bullets together and fasten to the ribbon. They are bullets, you know, which met in midair on the Kinnesaw field. I put one in the show-case with the card, and the others in a drawer. A relic-hunter buys the only one, but as soon as he is gone the drawer is opened and another takes its place. They cost about a dime and bring in five."

The Author of "Nancy Lee."

There is a man living quietly in London who is one of the most successful writers of verse set to music that is in England to day, yet he is not very widely known by name. It is Frederick E. Weatherley, and is the author of "Nancy Lee," a song that has been sung in every quarter of the globe, and has brought to the author an amount of fame and money that makes him practically independent. The song was written at Oxford in an hour. Weatherly had made an appointment for a pupil who he was coaching for the annual commencement. The pupil failed to keep his appointment and while waiting for him the piece came suddenly to his mind, and it was written then and there. One of the strange things about the song was that it was in the heyday of its popularity about the time of the Princess Alice disaster. It was being sung on deck just before the vessel went down. The fact was printed in all English papers, and the song suffered a temporary check in its popularity, but thousands of copies of it are now sold, not only in Great Britain, but almost in Australia, Canada, and in fact wherever the English language is spoken. Mr. Weatherly is the author of scores of other songs that are not so well known. He has been writing songs ever since he was an undergraduate, twenty-five years ago.

How Iowa was Carried.

He sat in the door at noonday, lonely and glum and sad; brooding over the price of his corn crop and figuring how much he had. He had worked from early spring ime, early and late and hard and now he was counting his assets and figuring out his reward. He figured that it took two acres to buy his two boys new boots; and ten acres more on top of this to fit them out with new suits. To buy his wife a protected dress took one hundred bushels more; while five acres went in a solid lump for the carpet on the floor. His taxes and his grocery bill absorbed his crop of oats; while the interest on his farm mortgage took all his fattened shoats. The shingles for his cow sheds and the lumber for his barn had eaten up his beef steers and the balance of his corn. So he sat in his door at noonday, lonely and glum and sore; so he figured up his wealth a little less than it was the year before. By gum! they say I am protected, but I know there is something wrong; Iv'e been deceived and gulled and hoodwinked by this high protection song. They told of rebellious traitors and held up the bloody rag; and I followed along like a pumpkin and now I'm holding the bag. But from this time on I'll investigate and get to the bottom of facts; and I'll bet $1 to begin with that the tariff is a tax.

Quaint Sayings.

News of the season—Neuralgia and Pneumonia.

After a man has a bout on ale he gets out on bail.

Who kills all the dead letters? Miss Direction.

The sick man wants a constitutional amendment.

Isn't the man who paints a fence a hue-er of wood.

A sewing bee can't sting, but it does lots of buzzing.

The man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing.

The chief symtoms of a cold in the head is a handkerchief.

A gentlemanly fool is more endurable than a boorish sage.

It doesn't take much of a marksman to draw a head on beer.

When schemes are on foot the politicians are generally on hand.

There is said to be a remarkable movement on foot in some parts of the West. It is to get back to East.

"Butter," says a learned writer, "was unknown to the ancients." Then some of it cannot be as old as it seems.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Oothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.